

THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

PROGRESS OF THE CRITIC.

VERY early in the career of THE CRITIC, we promised from time to time to report progress, in order to inform its distant friends of the state and prospects of an enterprise in which they have been pleased to take so deep an interest. Having been reminded of this promise by some subscribers, we hasten to perform it.

The statement we have to submit will be as satisfactory to ourselves as, we doubt not, it will be gratifying to them. THE CRITIC has been making sure and steady progress, ever gaining ground, without once receding. Its advancement has been singularly rapid since the commencement of the present year. To the list of subscribers to whom it is sent directly from the office, no less than 327 names have been added, and the sale to newsmen and booksellers, whose purchasers are of course unknown to us, has exactly doubled. The advertisement pages speak for themselves. They continue to receive accessions, though certainly as yet by no means proportioned to the real worth of THE CRITIC as an advertising medium, alike from the wide extent, character, and number of its circulation. But, doubtless, the booksellers, always slow to be convinced that any independent literary journal can be successful, will, ere long, learn the true history and position of THE CRITIC, and then find that it is their interest to use its columns for their announcements, however loath they may be to encourage a journal that tells the plain truth about books, without regard to the publisher's name upon the title-page.

Another source of great influence enjoyed by THE CRITIC, is the cordial support which it is receiving from the Public Institutions, the Book Clubs, the Reading Rooms, the Circulating Libraries, and the Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom. This was altogether unlooked for. It proves how much those who had need to purchase books had felt the want of a trustworthy guide to direct their choice. THE CRITIC has been fortunate enough to win their confidence; it has established among the class that are the principal book-buyers a reputation for unflinching honesty, and the communications daily received shew that its recommendations are very generally adopted by them, not in England only, but even in the remotest districts of Scotland and Ireland. It may be questioned, indeed, whether there be any existing Literary Journal which can boast, with THE CRITIC, a list of subscribers that comprises no less than five hundred and thirty-one Circulating Libraries, Reading Rooms, and Book-Clubs. And that it is no vain boast, any sceptic may readily be assured by inspection of the published list of subscribers, which extends only to the 1st of August last, and the written list at the office, which contains also those subsequently received, and where the very names and addresses of the subscribers are given; so that there can be no question of the strict truth of this curious and probably unprecedented feature in the progress of THE CRITIC.

And every succeeding day shews that this progress is extending in an increasing ratio; affording the best encouragement for steadfast adherence to the principles

that have received so much approval. And our zealous friends may be assured also of the observance of another promise made to them more than once, that whatever resources enlarged circulation and increased advertisements may yield, will be applied to the improvement of THE CRITIC in all its departments, and especially in procuring the aid of the best writers of the time. Many great improvements have been already introduced, but we shall not be content until it shall have become, in every respect, the best literary journal in Europe. It rests, therefore, with its friends, by extending its circulation, to make it so.

PRINCIPLES OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

WE have received a very energetic and eloquent letter from a correspondent, calling upon us to declare what are our religious opinions, and protesting against a review of religious publications, unless the precise faith of the writer be avowed. As the feelings of our correspondent may be shared by others, we hasten to remove them.

Again and again we have declared that a literary journal does not, and ought not to, belong to any sect in religion, or party in politics. The moment it puts on the badge of either, it forfeits that character for strict impartiality which can alone entitle it to the confidence of the whole public. This is the rule we have laid down for the conduct of THE CRITIC, and we are not conscious that the editors have ever departed from it. In a work of such extent, where articles are necessarily written by so many different hands, it is impossible that sometimes remarks should not find admittance which shew a bias in the writers, but in its editorial conduct impartiality is the law which is never consciously violated. The contributors are of various sects and parties; they are chosen for their ability and knowledge of the subjects intrusted to them, without any reference to their creeds, religious or political. The books are placed in their hands with the single direction, "Review them without fear or favour." It is impossible to do more.

Our correspondent may therefore be assured, that neither directly nor indirectly do we design the support of any creed, or the advancement of any party. And his allusion to the case of the reviews of religious books exhibits a needless alarm. He quite misunderstands the design of THE CRITIC in that department. Purposely to avoid the hazard of imputations of partiality, the rule has been adopted from the commencement of our labours, to notice publications on religion and politics, without passing upon them any other opinion than such as might relate to their style as literary compositions. No judgment upon their design, or principles, or arguments, is ever offered. We simply state the plan of the work, present a brief outline of its contents, it may be an extract or two, and then commit it to those who may be interested in its theme. This, as it appears to us, is the only safe course on subjects so likely to occasion differences and doubts, and that course will continue to be steadily pursued.

Again we protest emphatically against being supposed directly or indirectly to support any sect or party: we have no lurking designs against Protestantism, no hankering after the middle ages. We belong essentially to the new generation; we regard as of the most moment the present and the future, and improvement and advancement are our earnest desire.

Nor can we think that, with these views a hope to infuse into literature, art, and philosophy a tone of purer piety and loftier religion is at all inconsistent. We avow that THE CRITIC is established to counteract, to the best of its ability, the cold, sceptical, destructive spirit that distinguishes the *Athenæum*, which, from the combined chances of its great ability and having no rival

competent to maintain the cause which we believe to be the better one, has succeeded in infecting contemporary literature with much of its own mis-called utilitarianism. The mission of *THE CRITIC* is to do battle for MAN against MONEY; for MIND against MATTER; for PIETY against SCEPTICISM; for the IDEAL against the SENSUAL; and this it can do, and best do, by keeping sternly aloof from all sects and factions, and fighting only for the TRUTH and the RIGHT.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, containing an Account of its Origin, Government, Doctrines, Worship, Revenues, and Clerical and Monastic Institutions. By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Dolman.

THE labour that has been expended upon these volumes will be understood by a glance at their history. Almost forty years have elapsed since their design was first developed, in a small work bearing the title of the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, published by Dr. LINGARD at Newcastle. Four years afterwards it was reprinted in a larger volume, with some additions. During the interval that has since elapsed, vast progress has been made in the investigation of the Anglo-Saxon period of our history. "The treasures of our libraries have been explored, and documents previously unknown have been brought to light; new and improved editions of the works of our ancient writers have been given both in the Latin and the vernacular languages; and the laws, civil and ecclesiastical, of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, their charters, poems, homilies, and correspondence, have been collected and published, some for the first time, and others in a new and more correct form." Thus assisted, the author resolved to enlarge his original plan, and recast the entire work, so that the volumes before us, though including the substance of the former one, contain a large portion of new and interesting matter.

It would be tedious to enter upon a critical examination of Dr. LINGARD's merits as an historian. He has established a reputation which we are not inclined to question, but we may without impertinence state what appear to us to be the prominent features of his style.

In all literary productions, two ingredients are to be considered: first, the conception; secondly, the language in which the author clothes it. Every species of composition has its own appropriate tone of thought and turn of speech. Essential to history is the power of vividly picturing in the mind's eye the men and things which the author is to describe; for unless he has distinct images of them in his own imagination, he cannot possibly impress them distinctly upon the minds of his readers. Then there is wanting also the faculty which perhaps may best be termed the *dramatic* power—that faculty which enables a man to assume the characters he is treating of, and to feel and think as they might be supposed to have felt and thought; and with these he must combine a sober judgment to weigh conflicting testimonies, and to test assertions by reason, and an inflexible uprightness to hold the balance even, and prevent prejudice or passion from turning the scale in favour of any man, or party, or sect. With these he must combine a style which shall be graphic, that his mind-pictures may be conveyed with due distinctness of outline and glow of colour; dignified, that his decisions may carry weight with his audience; and flowing, that it may win attention by its very sound.

Such would be the ideal of an historian, and many of these qualities Dr. LINGARD certainly possesses in an eminent degree. He has the pictorial and the dramatic faculty almost beyond any British historian, saving, perhaps, ROBERTSON and ALISON. His composition is not unlike the stately march of GIBBON, but with more of variety and less of affectation. He is not always upon stilts, and he adapts his manner more to the nature of his theme. Hence, if he does not captivate the reader for the first half-hour so entirely as GIBBON, he can detain him longer without weariness.

But these characteristics of Dr. LINGARD's style as an historian are not so visible in this as in more formal history, from the very nature of the subject. The *Anglo-Saxon Church* is a theme rather for disquisition, or for a series of disquisitions and commentaries, than for orderly history, in which the march of dates is to be observed. And so Dr. LINGARD has treated it. Commencing with an account of the first conversion to Christianity of the Britons and Saxons, he shews that this was not effected, as some have asserted, by one of the apostles, "an opinion," he says, "most improbable of itself, totally unsupported by proof, and which rests on no other ground than the forced and fanciful interpretation of a few ambiguous passages in ancient writers." The first convert of importance was a British king, with the Latin name of LUCIUS, who sent a request to Rome that he might be admitted within the pale of Christianity. "The request was joyfully accepted, missionaries were ordained and sent to Britain, LUCIUS received baptism, and the new worship was propagated without impediment among the natives."

The first bishop was AUGUSTINE. By him all the churches of the Saxons and Britons were subjected to the authority of the Pope. The succession and duties of the bishops are succinctly described in the second chapter.

From these the author passes to an account of the system of church government, of the Anglo-Saxon clergy, of the Anglo-Saxon monks, and of the forms of religious worship.

The second volume opens with an extremely interesting narrative of the religious practices prevalent among the Anglo-Saxons; such as the benediction of knights, the ceremony of marriage, the benediction of virgins and widows, the ordination of the clergy, the form of coronation of kings, the consecration of churches and of altars. From this chapter we take one of the most curious passages:—

AN ANGLO-SAXON MARRIAGE.

"If a man wish to betroth a maiden or a woman," says one of the dooms of King Edmund, "and it be agreeable to her and her friends, then it is right that the bridegroom, according to the law of God and the customs of the world, first promise and give a 'wed' (a pledge) to those that are her 'fore-speakers,' that he desires her in such wise that he will keep her according to God's law, as a husband should keep his wife; and let his friends guarantee that." After this preliminary three questions remained to be settled: 1st. What sum he would pay to him to whom the "foster lean" belonged; that is, probably, the person under whose tutelage she was: 2nd. What present (perhaps the morgan-gift) he would make to her "in case she chose his will," the very words in which the vassal swore fealty to his lord: and 3rd. What dower he would settle upon her, if it happened that she survived him; which dower could not be less than one-third of his property, but might be augmented to one-half, or even to the whole, if he left issue by her. In conclusion, when the parties were agreed, they mutually gave "weds and borhs," pledges and sureties to each other: he, that he would fulfil the conditions; her kinsfolk, that they would deliver her to him. Thus they were "wedded" or "betrothed;" but the marriage did not necessarily follow. If the bridegroom suffered two years to expire without demanding the delivery of the "bride," he incurred the "bot of borh-bryce," or penalty for breach of covenant; if the demand was met with a refusal on the part of the bride, he received back the money which he had paid, with a bot, amounting to one-third of that sum. In either case the engagement was dissolved.

On the other hand, it was ordered that at the "giftan," or nuptials—which took place on the third day before the time fixed for the consummation of the marriage—"a mass-priest should be present to bind their union with God's blessing to all prosperity." The parties, attended by their respective friends, met in the porch of the church; and the priest, taking the ring, blessed it with a prayer, and gave it to the bridegroom, who placed it on the middle finger of the left hand of the bride. He then resumed in the following words:—"May God the Father bless you; may Jesus Christ preserve you; may the Holy Ghost enlighten you; may the Lord look down upon you, and give you peace, and fill you with every spiritual blessing, to the remission of all your sins, and the possession of everlasting life. Amen."

He then led them into the chancel, where they remained during the celebration of mass. They made their offering at the usual time, and at the "ter sanctus" prostrated themselves at the lowest step of the altar, while a purple veil was held over them. Immediately before the Pax Domini, the priest turned to them, and with his arms extended, pronounced the nuptial benediction: "O God, who by thy power didst create all things out of nothing, and having made man to thy own likeness, didst form woman from the side of man, to shew that no separation

should divide those who were made of one flesh; O God, who by so excellent a mystery didst consecrate the nuptial contract, making it a figure of the sacrament of Christ and thy church; O God, by whom woman is joined to man, and a blessing has been granted to marriage, which was not taken away either by the punishment of original sin, or the waters of the deluge; look down, we beseech thee, on this thy servant, who begs to be surrounded with thy protection. May the yoke of marriage be to her a yoke of peace and love; may she marry faithful and chaste in Christ; may she imitate the holy women who have gone before her. Let her be lovely as Rachel in the eyes of her husband; wise as Rebecca; long-lived and faithful as Sarah. May she remain true, obedient, and bound to one bed. May she flee all unlawful engagements, and by the power of discipline, strengthen her weakness. Make her fruitful in her offspring, reputable and virtuous in life. Grant that she may arrive at the rest of the saints, and the kingdom of heaven; that she may live to a good old age, and see the children of her children to the third and fourth generation, through Christ, our Lord, Amen." At the conclusion of this prayer the priest gave the pax to the bridegroom, who passed it with a kiss to the bride, and then both received the communion. On the third or fourth day they returned to the church, attended but did not communicate at the mass, and from that time lived together as man and wife.

Dr. LINGARD, continuing his description of the religious practices of that period, passes to the administration of the last services to the dying and the burial of the dead. This is the account of

ANGLO-SAXON FUNERALS.

The moment he expired the bell was tolled. Its solemn voice announced to the neighbourhood that a Christian brother was departed, and called on those who heard it, to recommend his soul to the mercy of his Creator. All were expected to join, privately at least, in this charitable office, and in monasteries, even if it were the dead of the night, the inmates hastened from their beds to the church, and sang a solemn dirge. The only persons excluded from the benefit of these prayers, were those who died avowedly in despair, or under the sentence of excommunication.

In the meantime, the friends of the deceased were employed in preparing the body for burial. The Greek and Roman Christians did not scruple to retain many customs which had been in use with their pagan ancestors; and these customs the Anglo-Saxon converts received from the missionaries. The corpse was first carefully washed and then clothed in decent garments. With many it was an object to prepare during life, the linen in which they wished to be buried; by others, the richest presents which they had received from the affection of their friends were destined for this last office: so that it frequently happened that the dead body was clothed in more splendid attire than had ever been worn by the living man. The distinctions of office were preserved on the bier and in the grave: and the bodies of kings and ealdormen, of bishops, priests, and deacons, were interred in the ornaments appropriated to their respective ranks. St. Cuthbert was laid in his coffin clothed in his episcopal vestments, with a patene, chalice, portable altar, offertes, and all that was necessary for the celebration of mass. To satisfy affection or curiosity, the face and neck remained uncovered; and till the hour of burial, which was often delayed for some days to allow time for the arrival of strangers from a distance, small parties of monks or clergymen attended in rotation, either watching in silent prayer by the corpse, or chanting with subdued voice the funeral service. Thus it was in religious communities, and the houses of the great; the lower classes still retained the wakes of their pagan forefathers, with many customs which were condemned, but could not be suppressed by ecclesiastical authority. "Ye shall not," says the canon to the mass-priest, "make merry over men deceased, nor shall ye repair to the corpse, unless ye be invited thereto; and when ye are invited thereto, then forbid ye the heathen songs of the laymen, and their loud ecstasies; and neither eat ye, nor drink ye, where the corpse lieth therein, lest ye be imitators of the heathenism, which they there commit."

When the necessary preparations were completed, the body of the deceased was placed on a bier, or in a hearse. On it lay the book of the gospels, the code of his belief, and the cross, the emblem of his hope. A pall of linen or silk was thrown over it, till it reached the place of interment. His friends were invited, strangers often deemed it a duty to attend. The clergy walked in procession before, or divided into two bodies, one on each side, singing a portion of the psalter, and generally bearing lights in their hands. As soon as they entered the church, the service for the dead was performed: a mass of requiem followed; the body was deposited in the grave; the sawshot paid; and a liberal donation distributed to the poor.

The charities to the poor,—the manumission of slaves,—the

invocation of saints,—miracles,—statues and paintings,—pilgrimages and ordeals, are next described. The latter are more minutely examined in these volumes than in any other history. The practice, it appears, was derived from the worship of Woden, and when the Anglo-Saxons became Christians, they "confidently expected from the true God that miraculous interposition which they had before sought from an imaginary deity." The time and manner of the ordeal were strictly regulated by law. The accuser swore to the truth of his charge—the accused by oath attested his innocence, and thus was conducted the famous

ANGLO-SAXON TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

As the discovery of the truth was now committed to the decision of Heaven, the intermediate time was employed in exercises of devotion. Three nights before the day appointed for the trial, the accused was led to the priest: on the three following mornings he assisted, and made his offering at the mass; and during the three days, he fasted on bread, herbs, salt, and water. At the mass on the third day, the priest called him to the altar before the communion, and adjured him by the God whom he adored, by the religion which he professed, by the baptism with which he had been regenerated, and by the holy relics that reposed in the church, not to receive the eucharist, nor go to the ordeal, if his conscience reproached him with the crime of which he had been accused. He then gave him the communion with these words: "May this body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ prove thee innocent or guilty this day." As soon as the mass was finished, the prisoner again denied the charge, and took the following oath: "In the Lord, I am guiltless, both in word and deed, of the crime of which I am accused." He was then led to the trial.

Of these trials there were four different kinds: 1. The corned was a cake of barley bread, of the weight of one ounce, and seems to have been instituted in imitation of the water of jealousy, mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures. Over it a prayer was pronounced by the priest, in which he begged that God would manifest the truth between the accuser and the accused: that if the latter were guilty, when he took the cake into his hands, he might tremble and look pale; and when he attempted to chew it, his jaws might be fixed, his throat contracted, and the bread be thrown out of his mouth. It was then given to him to eat, and the event decided his guilt or innocence. 2. In the ordeal of cold water, the prisoner was stripped of his clothes; his hands were bound crosswise to his feet; his body was sprinkled with blessed water, and the cross from the altar with the book of the gospels was given to him to kiss. Then a cord, with a knot in it two ells and a half from the extremity, was fastened round his waist, and he was lowered slowly into the pool. If he sank so as to draw the knot below the surface, he was pronounced innocent and liberated: but, if he had the misfortune to float, his guilt was manifest, and he was delivered to the officers of justice. From these two forms of trial it seems probable, that the guilty would have little to fear: from the following it is difficult to conceive how the innocent could escape. 3. For the ordeal by hot water, a fire was kindled under a caldron in a remote part of the church. At a certain depth below the surface of the water, which depth was augmented in proportion to the enormity of the offence, was placed a stone, or a piece of iron. Strangers were excluded, and the accuser and accused proceeded to the place, each attended by twelve friends who were ranged in opposite lines at a small distance from the fire. The priest said or sung the Litany: at its conclusion a deputy from each line was sent to ascertain the heat of the water, and on their declaration that it was actually boiling, the accused plunged his naked arm into the caldron, and brought out the stone. The priest instantly wrapped the arm in a clean linen cloth, and fastened it with the seal of the church. At the expiration of three days, the seal was broken, the bandage was unfolded in presence of the priest and the friends of both parties, and the fate of the accused was decided according to the appearance presented by the scalded arm. To save him from punishment, it was necessary that it should be perfectly healed. 4. In the ordeal by hot iron the same precautions were observed with respect to the number and position of the attendants. Near to the fire was measured a space on the floor equal to nine of the prisoner's feet, and this was divided by cross lines into three equal portions, by the first of which stood a small pillar of stone. As soon as the mass was begun, a bar of iron, of the weight of one or three pounds, according to the nature of the accusation, was laid on the coals. At the last collect, it was taken off, and placed on the pillar. The prisoner instantly took it up with his hand, made three steps on the lines previously marked, and threw it down. The treatment of the burn, and the indications of guilt or innocence, were the same as in the trial by hot water. To these four ordeals, a fifth was added by most of the continental nations; that of duel, or private battle. To the Anglo-Saxons it was unknown till after the Norman Conquest. Of all, it was the most absurd;

and of all, the only one which modern wisdom has thought proper to perpetuate.

Dr. LINGARD doubts the common explanation of the results of these ordeals, that the clergy possessed secrets by which they indurated the skin or healed the wounds, but he offers no more probable one of his own.

The literature and learning of the Anglo-Saxons are treated elaborately in the eleventh chapter. The native poetry was peculiar in its structure. The verses ran in couplets of very short lines, with occasional rhymes.

But that which was held in the highest estimation, and deemed an almost indispensable embellishment, was alliteration, or the repetition of the same initial letter in the emphatic syllable of two, or at least of one, of the words in the first, and of the leading word in the second line of the couplet. With the aid of this ornament, and of the necessary rhythmus, the wandering scop, or poet, could always secure the attention of his hearers: but there were among them poets of a much higher grade, stately in their march, and rich in imagery, pouring out metaphors and epithets in profusion, and substituting periphrastic amplification in the place of direct description. This last was characteristic of their poetry; for the simile was almost unknown among them.

The Latin poetry was remarkable for the laborious trifling in which the writers indulged. These were some of the most favourite exercises:—

LITERARY TOYS.

1. Among these the first place was given to riddles; a species of composition attempted by Aldhelm, Boniface, and Alcuin. The chief model appears to have been the *Enigmata Symposii*: but St. Aldhelm aspired to the praise of originality; and therefore, while his model confined each riddle within the narrow space of three lines, the Anglo-Saxon indulged his sportive muse in greater liberty, and composed one hundred enigmata, dividing them into several classes, beginning with one of four lines, and progressively adding to the number. 2. Some writers delighted in couplets in which the first half of the hexameter verse is repeated, so as to form the second half of the pentameter,—as in the hymn by Beda in praise of St. Edithryde:—

Alme Deus Trinitas, quæ secula cuncta gubernas,
Adnue jam ceptis, alme Deus Trinitas.
Bella Maro resonet, nos pacis dona canamus,
Munera nos Christi, bella Maro resonet, &c.

3. With many the difficulty of the metre was increased by the introduction of middle and final rhymes in each line, as in this riddle by St. Aldhelm.

LEBES.

Horrida, curva, rapax, patulis fabricata metallis,
Pendeo, nec celum tangens, terramve profundam;
Ignibus ardescens, neonem et gurgite feruens.
Sic vario geminas patior discrimine pugnas,
Dum lymphæ latices tolero, flammæque feroces.

Bib. Pat. vol. viii. p. 28.

4. Acrostics were also admired, both single and double; the latter being formed by the combination of the initial and final letters of the same lines; to be read, sometimes in a descending, sometimes in an ascending direction. The following double acrostic of his own name, is from the pen of Aldhelm:—

Arbiter, æthereo Jupiter, qui regmine sceptrâ,
Luciferaque simul cœli regale tribunaL
Diapason, moderans æternis legibus illud.
Horrida nam muletans torristi membra BehemotH
Ex alta quondam rueret dum luridus arcE,
Limpida dictanti metrorum carmina presuL
Munera nunc largire: rudis quo pandere reruM
Versibus enigmata quædam clandestina fatU.
Si Deus indignis tua gratis dona rependis, &c.

p. 21.

Literary toys, of these descriptions, are to be found in the writings of the best Anglo-Saxon scholars, and seem to have been prized in proportion to the study and skill which were required to produce them.

The decline of piety and learning after the descent of the Danes; the efforts of ALFRED for their restoration; the career of St. DUNSTON, who is represented as a great reformer; the revival that followed his efforts, are minutely narrated, and a sketch of the state of the church from his death to the Conquest completes its history. The concluding chapter is devoted to an account of the foreign missions undertaken by the Anglo-Saxons; and it would appear that the conversion of large portions of Germany, of the Swedes, the Danes, and the Norwegians, is due to the zeal, courage, and piety of the missionaries from Britain.

Our readers are aware that modern historians have charged upon DUNSTAN the horrible crime of contriving the fall of the floor beneath the great synod of the clergy at Calne, by which so many were killed, while he sat harmless in his chair. Dr. LINGARD asserts that there is not the slightest foundation for the calumny in the authorities. HUME first threw out the suspicion, and his followers treated it as a fact. But the simple story of the *Saxon Chronicle*, where alone it is recorded, runs thus:—"This year the principal nobility of England fell at Calne from an upper floor, except the holy Archbishop DUNSTAN, who clung to a beam. And some were grievously hurt, and some did not escape with their lives."

From this outline, and these specimens of its contents, the character of the work will be better understood by our readers than from the most elaborate criticism. It is assuredly a standard library book.

SCIENCE.

Mesmerism; its Pretences as a Science physiologically considered. By J. ALLISON.

WE resume our reply to Mr. ALLISON's pamphlet. We parted with Mr. ALLISON at the point of his argument devoted to Phreno-Mesmerism. With great ingenuity he puts forth many reasons to prove why it *cannot* be true, to which the only possible answer is a reference to *the fact*. Like many other phenomena of this strange state of being which we call the mesmeric, and Mr. ALLISON hypnotism, it is not at all a subject for *à priori* reasoning, it is simply a question for actual experiment; is it or is it not a *fact*? We scarcely remember a discovery against which an equally formidable array of reasons was not advanced on its announcement, as that which Mr. ALLISON has directed against the phrenological phenomena of Mesmerism. The story of Charles the Second and the Royal Society is as applicable at this day, in ridicule of the stubbornness of men who call themselves scientific, as ever it was. The joke was that the merry monarch propounded for discussion the question—"Why does a salmon in the water weigh more than a salmon out of the water?" The sages of science debated the point with wonderful ability. Most convincing reasons were adduced for the phenomenon, when just at the moment of their triumph, a silent member suggested the propriety of *trying the experiment*, and ascertaining *the fact*. The proposal met with violent opposition from the *authorities*. But it was carried, nevertheless; a fish and a bucket of water were procured, and on trial it was found, to the great mortification of the disputants, who had so learnedly proved its cause, that there was no such fact, and that the fish weighed the same, whether in or out of the water. The application of the anecdote to the *reasons* alleged against the *facts* of Mesmerism, will be apparent.

It would be, therefore, a waste of time to combat these reasons *seriatim*. We shall not thereby have advanced a step towards the goal we seek—the discovery of the truth. Whether we were to succeed or fail in answering them, the *fact* would still remain as at first, to be contradicted only by *actual experiment*. To that we confidently appeal; and if Mr. ALLISON be a philosopher, he will frankly admit that, after all, *that is the only true test*.

To us, who are accustomed to the strict rules of evidence established in our courts of justice, where every position is required to be proved, and every asserted fact is subjected to examination, it appears perfectly marvellous that any other mode of trying a disputed fact should be attempted. And, indeed, we are confident that Mr. ALLISON, and they who adopt his mode of disputation, would exclaim loudly against the injustice of the judge who should try any matter affecting his pecuniary interests after his own fashion. Suppose, for instance, that instead of mesmerism, the difference between us were as to the existence of a certain deed by which a valuable estate would accrue to Mr. ALLISON. What would be his proceeding? To prove the existence of the deed as a *fact* by producing it. What would he call us—what would he say of a judge who would sanction us—were we to do, in respect of his deed, precisely that which he does with respect to mesmerism, that is to say, rest our opposition to it, not upon the fact, but upon arguments shewing that such a deed *cannot* be? His reply would be simply, "There it is;" and a judge

would say, "We have no other business now than to ascertain, by the usual tests, if it be genuine." And upon that the trial would be taken, and the verdict given accordingly. And this is the form in which we desire mesmerism and its phenomena to be tried, and it is the only one by which a satisfactory result can be obtained.

Nor has Mr. ALLISON really advanced his argument by asserting that the results are unaccountable. This we freely admit; but so are ten thousand other facts in nature which Mr. ALLISON himself would not dream of denying because nobody can explain them.

After all, Mr. ALLISON is driven to an assertion, that the phenomena shewn are impostures—the result of pre-arranged collusion between the operator and the patient.

That such collusion is possible, we admit; it is within the bounds of *possibility* that persons *may* be tutored to assume the expression of feature, the varied tones, the attitudes, and the language of the several mental faculties, and to change from one to the other with the rapidity manifested in the experiments. We admit that such *may* be done. But certain it is, that it would demand in the patient an actor's talent equal to that of a KEAN or a SIDMONS: if so it be, the acting is as wonderful as the mesmerism. If so many hundreds of persons of all ages and ranks, and of both sexes, daily appear capable of such perfect performances, then is this a phenomenon in itself equally deserving of investigation with mesmerism. It is, at the least, an interesting development of a new feature in the human character, and might be applied to most valuable purposes.

Now we are far from asserting that no imposture is ever practised in mesmeric exhibitions. On the contrary we suspect that a great deal of trickery is resorted to by the ignorant and impudent quacks who perambulate the country, pretending to lecture upon mesmerism, and making a profit by its display. They have no shame and no scruples. Their purpose is solely to collect an audience and put money in their purses. Having gathered a company, and taken their cash at the door, they cannot send them away ungratified. They must make a case if they cannot find one. Sometimes, doubtless, they are lucky enough to find a *bonâ fide* patient, but more frequently they are disappointed; then they have trained impostors ready to assist them in the work of deception. Even if they have a real case, it is an ascertained fact that a crowded room and excitement interfere with the manifestation of the more curious phenomena. But their purpose being to astonish their audience, not calmly to investigate, they cannot rely upon the chances which so many accidents might thwart, and they play the palpable tricks described by Mr. ALLISON.

But, we ask, is it fair to judge mesmerism, and those who investigate it with no other purpose than to ascertain the truth, by the acts of vagabonds who avail themselves of a popular curiosity for the vilest purposes? Would Mr. ALLISON be satisfied were we to adduce the advertisements, pamphlets, and pills of quacks against the science of medicine and the honesty of doctors? Let him judge others as he would himself be judged.

Mr. ALLISON, however, does reluctantly admit, in a subsequent part of his pamphlet, that the facts of phreno-mesmerism are asserted by persons whose veracity is unquestionable, and where imposture is out of the question. He endeavours to get rid of these by suggesting that they might be themselves deceived, the patient acting under the influence of imagination, excited by what he had read and heard, and the operator supposing that the results he sees are produced by his touch.

If Mr. ALLISON had ever seen a patient, or tried the experiment with his own hands, he would not have broached such an argument. Acquainted as Mr. ALLISON is with phrenology, he must be aware how closely the organs lie together, and how complicated the results of their combination. We ask him, knowing this, if he believes it to be *possible* that a person ignorant of phrenology, and not previously taught, could know precisely what expression is to be made when the finger touches a particular part of the head—for instance, that he should instantly change from affection to self-esteem, or from mirth to music, on so slight a movement of the hand as is required to excite those adjacent organs. Moreover, if it were accident, or imposture, or guess, or imagination, would the results be uniform and unfailing in all, whether child, or woman, or man, educated or uneducated, simple or clever? would not

there be sometimes a *mistake*, sometimes forgetfulness? Yet all are alike perfect in their lesson, if lesson it be, and repeat it with the same voice and expression. This alone is proof that would be accepted as conclusive on any question arising out of the ordinary business of life. Such testimony is rarely accumulated against the criminal we hang. Yet does Mr. ALLISON deny mesmerism, though supported by stronger evidence than any for which, as a jurymen, he would not hesitate to send a criminal to the gallows.

These arguments are equally applicable to Mr. ALLISON's objections to clairvoyance. He does not meet the real question, which is simply one of fact. On this point we are not prepared to make any assertions, because we have not seen any perfectly satisfactory case of clairvoyance. But it is positively affirmed by those on whose veracity we can rely, and therefore we hold that also to be a subject for *inquiry*. If Mr. ALLISON were to write a volume full of the most powerful arguments that ever were brought together, shewing that clairvoyance is impossible, he would not thereby do more than justify a careful scrutiny into the alleged fact. Undoubtedly this phenomenon *appears* to be opposed to our ordinary experience. But it would be presumptuous indeed to assert that we have reached the limits of human knowledge, and that nothing new remains to be learned. It is absurd to urge against an asserted fact that it is opposed to the known laws of nature. If it be a fact, it is itself a part of the existing laws; and it will either be found on further investigation to be perfectly consistent with them, or if it be really inconsistent, it proves only that what we had previously supposed to be the law was not the law, and that our fancied knowledge was in truth ignorance.

Mr. ALLISON next passes to artificial catalepsy. He first asserts that the alleged phenomenon differs from real catalepsy in this, that in the latter the muscles are flexible, in the former inflexible. We have looked in vain for his argument against this. Here he seems to admit, there to deny its existence, and he quits it without saying if he believes any part or how much of it to be true. This is not fair, for if any part of it be real, it is an admission at least of so much of mesmerism as is involved in the fact admitted.

Lastly, Mr. ALLISON turns to the alleged curative effects of mesmerism, and his argument resolves itself into this. You cannot explain how the cure is effected, so it is not true. We answer in the same language, "You cannot tell us *how* your medicine effects its cures, therefore it is an imposture." The argument, if worth any thing, applies equally to both.

Mr. ALLISON concludes with an appeal to the vilest prejudices, which we regret to see deforming an essay that is upon the whole so calm. He attributes to mesmerism whatever the prejudices of the most vulgar and uneducated have chosen to attach to it. It is not thus that truth is advanced. If it be true, if it have in it a grain of truth, it ought to be thoroughly investigated. If it be false, it ought to be exposed and refuted. But the sole object of such insinuations is to deter from inquiry, and such an attempt looks very much like a lurking fear lest inquiry should lead to the establishment of the truth assailed, and thus indirectly to the mortification of its assailants. We trust that Mr. ALLISON will, in another edition, omit every thing in the shape of abuse, and rest his case upon its own merits.

We hope, too, that he will give us then the results of his own *investigations* of the subject. Half-a-dozen experiments would carry more weight than a thousand arguments. As we stated before, we will afford him ample opportunity for studying the facts, if he will pay a visit to the society now engaged in the investigation of mesmerism.

Cuvier and Zoology; a popular Biography, with an historical Introduction and Sequel. London, Parker. 1844.

PERHAPS the study of natural history tends as much as any occupation, and more than any other science, to open the imagination, cultivate the mind, and inform the intellect. There is something inspiring in the contemplation of the order of nature, in the view of her handiworks, in noting the operations of her minions, and beholding how all works together for good. In such



an occupation the mind is for a time lifted above the grosser cares of the world, and becomes imbued with highly poetical and reverential sensations. It rises from nature to nature's God!

He, therefore, who reveals any truths, or throws additional light upon those previously buried under the almost impenetrable veil of obscurity, as well as he who, in relation to such a subject as natural history, clears up and explains that which was before mysterious or doubtful, must be accounted a benefactor to his species. His biography is worthy the attention of after-generations.

It is chiefly with the view of preserving some slight account of the naturalists and zoologists of past ages that the little book before us has been compiled. The subject is so treated that all can understand it, though we fear it has been handled somewhat too briefly. But as the book is a cheap one, and intended for extensive rather than exclusive circulation, this failing was unavoidable.

The first two chapters comprise a historical sketch of zoology, from the time of ARISTOTLE to the death of BUFFON. Some remarks on the benefits arising from a study of natural history, a definition of zoology, and an account of the early knowledge of animals, bring the reader to the time of ARISTOTLE, whose birth and early history, his character as a naturalist, and an account of his works, are the themes of many pages.

After noticing ARISTOTLE's death, our author, passing over the long interval during which no further progress was made in the science, introduces us to the next great naturalist; and here is his opinion of

PLINY'S WORKS.

Pliny, the Roman naturalist, so far followed in the steps of Aristotle, that, like him, he extended his studies to the whole range of science and of learning; but with less genius, and a more credulous mind, he mingled together fact and fiction, and presented rather a compilation of the thoughts and discoveries of other men than the result of his own researches. * * *

Gaining the greater part of his knowledge from books, it cannot be expected that much original description should be found in the works of Pliny. But as a compilation of all that preceding observers had discovered, they are extremely valuable.

No new discoveries were made for many centuries, when at length ÆLIAN, BELON, SALVIANI, and RONDELET successfully extended the researches begun by their predecessors. But they brought very little genius to the task, nor were their revelations very great in any branch of the science. Notices of GESNER, ALDROVANDUS, COLONNA, MOUFFET, and GOEDART, bring us to the time of SWAMMERDAM. Taking into consideration the limited space devoted to them, each of these authors is treated of with fairness and perspicuity. In Great Britain, natural history was neglected until the sixteenth century, about which time the continued efforts of MOUFFET, TOPSEL, and GESNER aroused attention to the subject. RAY, WILLUGHBY, and LISTER were the three most remarkable writers in the succeeding century. They gave such an impetus to the science here, that thenceforth many of our countrymen devoted their attention to it.

The two next chapters contain a review of the life, and an enumeration of the labours, of the celebrated CUVIER; and they are the most interesting portions of the whole book. CUVIER was a prodigy of industry. Such untiring perseverance, undaunted energy, and incessant devotion to work, perhaps never met together in one man before. Placed at school to study those rules, a knowledge of which was necessary in public and diplomatic offices, he broke the bounds prescribed to his mind by custom, and revelled in the luxury of free speculation. The charms and beauties of nature, and a study of the organization apparent throughout creation, were to him greater attractions than a knowledge of the

schemings of politicians, or the secrets required for self-sustenance in a public situation.

"Who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow,"

was a truth he practically recognized. When a school-boy, he appropriated his leisure, and what other hours he could pilfer, to the study of his favourite sciences. To collect specimens, and picture representations, of birds, plants, and insects, colouring them with his self-taught hand, was even then a favourite amusement.

The freedom of education and of opinion which he sought for himself, he did not in after-life deny to others. When sent to Holland and the Hanseatic towns by the French Government, for the purpose of organizing the system of education in those localities, his report breathed the utmost liberality of sentiment. He declared that knowledge ought to be as free as the winds; and that it was the only true precursor of, and guarantee for, a proper state of morality and civilization.

CUVIER's chief hobbies were zoology and natural history. His work on the *Theory of the Earth* would alone have immortalized his name. In that work did the world first obtain a knowledge of the changes and revolutions through which the earth has passed. He was the earliest and chief unfold of the obscure and nearly vanished records of the existence of former generations of beings.

It is interesting to trace the uprising of men like CUVIER, and, when we can, to read the workings of the embryo mind of such a philosopher.

CUVIER'S CHILDHOOD.

Not only did the mother of Cuvier watch over the health of her child with unwearied assiduity; she also exercised her influence in a way that was highly beneficial in the formation of his character. She guided his religious duties, nurtured every good and moral feeling, helped him in his lessons, and constantly supplied him with select works by which his ardent desire for knowledge was gratified and encouraged. Under her instructions he could read fluently at the age of four years; and when placed at an elementary school, he was, by her continual assistance, better prepared with his Latin and other tasks than any other boy in the school. She taught him drawing, in which art his progress was afterwards superintended by one of his relations, an architect in the town of Montbéliard. Thus does the early life of Cuvier add another to the numerous instances of distinguished men who owed much of their greatness to the attainments and character of a mother of superior understanding. At ten years of age he was placed at a school of a higher description, called the *Gymnase*, where he remained till he was fourteen. He now made rapid progress; he was constantly at the head of the classes of geography, history, and mathematics, and acquired Latin and Greek with readiness. His taste for natural history began to appear by the frequent visits which he paid at the house of a relation who possessed a complete copy of Buffon, and by the zeal and fidelity with which he copied the plates of that work, and coloured them according to the printed descriptions. Sometimes he employed water-colours for this purpose, and at other times he would amuse himself with cutting out correct profiles of the birds in pasteboard, and sewing on bits of silk of the colour and shape of the wings. On obtaining the loan of the work, he always carried a volume of it in his pocket, and this was read again and again. The dawning talents of the legislator also manifested themselves at this period, for "Cuvier chose a certain number of his school-fellows, and formed them into an academy, of which he was appointed president. He drew up the regulations, and fixed the meetings for every Thursday at a stated hour, and, seated on his bed, and placing his companions round a table, he ordered that some work should be read which treated either of natural history, philosophy, history, or travels. The merits of the book were then discussed, after which the youthful president summed up the whole, and pronounced a sort of judgment on the matter contained in it, which judgment was always strictly adopted by his disciples. He was even then remarkable for his declamatory powers; and on the anniversary

fête of the sovereign of Montbéliard (Duke Charles of Würtemberg), he composed an oration in verse on the prosperous state of the principality, and delivered it fresh from his pen, in a firm manly tone, which astonished the whole audience."

After leaving school, CUVIER became a private tutor, but was soon taken under the patronage of the French Government. Places and revenues were now plentifully showered upon his head. The number of his writings rapidly increased, and his fame quickly spread over Europe. The truly great mind ever evinces its greatness in acts. Liberality is one of the distinguishing accompaniments of greatness. CUVIER's liberality was not limited to sentiments or speech alone, but was visible in his every-day conduct. He often sacrificed his private wealth to the public good. This is one of the many instances of the

LIBERILITY OF CUVIER.

Sacrificing every thing to the interests of science, Cuvier formed a vast library, and permitted naturalists who sought the privilege, to go and work in it as in a public library. No mean spirit of rivalry—no petty jealousies of the discoveries of others—ever displayed any power over the spirit of this extraordinary man; on the contrary, he rejoiced at the advancement of knowledge by whomsoever effected, and even when it led to alterations in what he had himself propounded. At his request travellers were sent by government into all parts of the world to collect observations and specimens for the enrichment of the museum. Each of these travellers received directions and instructions from his own mouth; so that it might be said of him, as of Linnæus, that Nature was everywhere interrogated in his name.

We have before alluded to the industry of this great man. To it, and to the admirable means he adopted for economizing his time, are we indebted for many of his productions. After a day of harassing toil at his public duties,—duties which would alone have been sufficient to exhaust the energies of any ordinary person,—CUVIER found recreation and refreshment in retiring to solitary nooks, and there indulging in study. Our author has put on record a beautiful account of

CUVIER'S INDUSTRY.

The domestic life of Cuvier presents a remarkable scene of diligent cultivation of time. His hours of audience were usually before and after breakfast, and no one was refused admission. The breakfast hour was ten o'clock; but Cuvier had generally risen at seven, or earlier, and had prepared his papers for the day, arranged the occupations of his assistants, and received most of his visitors. While taking his breakfast Cuvier generally read the newspapers, or looked over the books for the use of the primary schools, which had been sent for his inspection. After breakfast he dressed, and entered on his numerous occupations. His carriage was punctual to a moment, and no one was allowed to keep him waiting. When the ladies were to accompany him, they made a point of being as exact to time as possible, knowing how much he was vexed by delay; and yet, says Mrs. Lee, "I used to think I saw a faint smile on his countenance when we flew down stairs, our gloves in our hands, and our shawls streaming after us. The instant he gave his orders," she adds, "he would thrust himself into a corner of the carriage, and resume his reading and writing, suffering us to talk as much as we pleased. Many of his most brilliant memoirs were finished as he thus rode through the streets of Paris; and he had a lamp fixed to the back of his carriage that he might read on his return home at night from his visits; but he found it so distressing to his eyes, that he could not long make use of it. All others, however, were delighted at the disappointment, because he was by it cheated into a few more moments of repose."

The family dinner-hour was half-past six, and if Cuvier had a few minutes to spare before that time, he would occasionally join his friends in Madame Cuvier's room; but more frequently he seems to have given even this short period to study. One or two intimate friends often increased the family circle at dinner, which is represented as being a privileged time for conversation of the most delightful kind. On proceeding to the drawing-room, Cuvier sometimes gratified his

friends by an hour's stay among them before he retired to his occupations or his visits; but so untiring was his industry that he often set the whole party to work aiding him in his researches. "If he had any of M. Champollion's letters from Egypt, he would station us at different tables with volumes of the great work on Egypt, and verify the descriptions of the antiquary step by step. He never was weary of research; though it must be owned, we occasionally wished for the sound of the carriage-wheels to interrupt our employment. He never suffered people to be idle in his house; and no sooner did friends station themselves among the family for a time, but he would come into their rooms with folios and paper in his hand, and set them to trace plates for him; and seldom forgot, on his return from duties abroad, to inquire how much had been done. To be sure, it was a pleasure to work for him, he was so grateful for the service, and so happy when the task was properly completed."

Cuvier's hours of relaxation were few. Change of employment afforded him great relief, and conversation still greater. At the close of his day's labour, when he found it impossible to work any longer, he was accustomed to throw himself on a sofa, hide his eyes from the light, and listen to the readings of his wife and daughter, and sometimes of his secretary, M. Laurillard. These nightly readings lasted about two hours, and by their means he became acquainted with the literature of the whole civilized world. An immense number of volumes were in this way gone through; while the effect on the mind of Cuvier was also beneficial, by quieting feelings which might have been previously excited, and insuring him undisturbed repose.

The fifth chapter commences with a review of the fellow-labourers of CUVIER, and concludes with some reflections on the present state of zoology. It is alleged that a growing interest in its favour is evidenced by the fact that there is an increasing demand for books written on the subject.

We now have no more to do than to commend this volume to those readers of THE CRITIC who have not the inclination to study more voluminous treatises, and it should be placed in the hands of children.

Practical Observations on the Efficacy of Medicated Inhalations in the Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, &c.
By ALFRED BEAUMONT MADDOCK, M.D. 2nd Edition.
London, 1845. Simpkin and Co.

DR. MADDOCK has at least common sense and probability upon his side, although, as usual, the profession is against him. When organic lesion takes place, the surgeon will always endeavour to reach it, if he can, and apply his medication directly to the injured part. When the part cannot be got at, he is compelled to resort to indirect remedies, and he seeks to operate upon it indirectly by counter-irritation, as blistering, or by general or local bleeding, or by pouring medicine into the stomach, hoping that some of its component parts may be taken up by the absorbents, carried into the blood, and thus be applied to the injured organ.

In consumption, and various other diseases, the lungs are wounded, and it is certain that, if nature had set the lungs on the outside instead of the inside of the chest, all doctors would have agreed in seeking to cure the wound by direct applications. Dr. MADDOCK suggested that gases were the only things that could be directly applied to the lungs, and he tried various experiments to ascertain if any of the gases possessed healing or stimulant properties. Having applied them to various cases of consumption, asthma, and other chest diseases, cures were effected where the indirect remedies before used in medicine had failed. For this rational theory and its gratifying result he was, of course, fearfully assailed by his brother physicians, who seem to be chartered to obstruct knowledge. Here, however, in this volume, he details the principles of his procedure and its results, and he appeals to the common sense of the public against the common sense of the Profession.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Letters of a German Countess; written during her Travels in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, Syria, Nubia, &c. in 1843-4. By IDA, Countess HAHN-HAHN. In Three vols. London, 1845, Colburn.

Letters from the Orient. By the Countess HAHN-HAHN. One vol. 12, Wellington-street North, Strand, 1845.

HERE are two translations of a work that has obtained wide popularity upon the Continent, and will, no doubt, prove equally attractive in England. But it ought to be known that Mr. COLBURN'S edition, the first of those named above, is, by management of type and margin, *expanded* to three volumes, and probably will cost either 24s. or a guinea and a half, most probably the latter, and the other, which is equally as well, if not better, translated, is to be contained in one volume, and is to be sold for *five shillings*! Of course none of our readers will hesitate which to purchase. The latter is published in the *Novel Times*.

Mr. COLBURN'S translator is unknown; the translator of the other edition frankly submits himself to criticism. He has a reputation to lose. He is the author of *Caleb Stukeley*, a novel known to everybody who knows any thing of our current literature, for it appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was so popular that it was reprinted in the established three-volume shape of novels. So vigorous a writer could scarcely fail to make a good translator, for, as we have observed more than once, a translator who would render the spirit instead of the mere words of his author, needs almost his author's genius; at all events, he must become, in fancy, for the moment, the author himself, and feel and think with him.

This the translator of the cheap edition has better accomplished than his costly rival. He has caught the liveliness and lightness of the Countess's manner, fallen in with her vein of thought, and accommodated himself to her fanciful, but pleasant ways.

THE CRITIC has already contained some brief notice of these travels, on the occasion of their first appearance in Germany. Judging from the translations, our contributor appears to have passed upon them a fair opinion. They are remarkable for their cheerful gaiety. Like most female tourists, the Countess has quick and accurate perceptions of things presented to her *sight*, but her reflections are not very profound, nor are her attempts at generalization very correct. That which she has seen so clearly, she describes faithfully, and she is especially quick in the discernment of personal peculiarities, as costume, manners, character. Her tour was in a track not quite so trodden as most of those with which the press groans. She descended the Danube to Constantinople, thence she went to Smyrna by steamer, wandered through Syria and the Holy Land to the Dead Sea; traversed the Desert to Cairo, sailed up the Nile, across to Greece, and homeward by Trieste. The volumes are a collection of her letters to her mother and friends, during the journey, and their interest and value are greatly enhanced by their thus transcribing the impressions of what she saw and heard while they were yet fresh, and before they became coloured by the hues which imagination always throws about memories of the past.

Such a work is best exhibited by extract, and we shall take a few of the most interesting passages from both translations, which will enable our readers to compare their respective merits.

Here, from the cheap one, is a brilliant picture of

CONSTANTINOPLE.

There are several mountains; these do not belie the character of the Bosphorus; they are green! They are covered with groups of plane-trees and interminable groves of cypress. Above them, like swans upon a green lake, are seen the glittering cupolas of perhaps 300 mosques. Next to every one, like a guardian angel, stands at least one white and elegant minaret; frequently two and four. There are six at Sultan Achmed's. Under and amongst the trees, as it were in a thinned wood, are the houses, those of the ambassadors and a few government offices excepted. All are of wood,—the barracks, the cannon-foundry, the residences of the pashas, and even the palace of the Grand Seigneur himself. Many are painted in the brightest colours,—white, pale red, deep yellow, and variously ornamented; others are browned by time, like the houses in the Bernese Oberland; a few, namely those of the Catholic Armenians, are

painted dark grey and black. In narrow crooked streets they clamber up the hill sides, each, wherever it is possible, with its own little garden; or wanting this, its terrace adorned with flower-pots, and a pomegranate or fig-tree; this failing, too, at least with a vine at the door, that finds its way to the roof, drops down again in fluttering tendrils, or forms across the streets an ornamental festive garland. Since schools, baths, kitchens for the poor, are associated with the mosques, a garden for recreation can hardly be omitted. Besides this, the finest trees invariably stand in the court-yards. The habitations of the dead, who here occupy almost as much room as the living—the burying-grounds—are placed around, next to, and between the streets, and form the actual groves of cypress; for all Turkish cemeteries are richly planted, and never with any tree but this. A more beautiful symbol could not stand by the graveside than the motionless and upward-pointing cypress. There are particular burial-places for celebrated men, for the learned, the holy, monks, and private individuals with their families. There likewise are small cypress groves enclosed in a railed arcade, enabling you to espy the green through the bars and over the wall. It will be easy for you to understand how, in consequence of the rising position of the city, the whole *appears* like one great garden or pleasure-palace. Mark me! *appears*. Picture to yourself a grand theatrical display, painted by the hand of a master, and with inimitable taste. You are charmed, carried away by the incomparable scene; again and again you feast your eyes, and cannot admire it enough. But now you are conducted behind the scenes, Heaven help you! Laths, rafters, dirty paper, lumps of paint, oil-spots, and coarse canvass! Such is Constantinople! Even more than the fearful uncleanness, did the fearful confusion offend me! That the streets are very narrow, crooked, and steep, is their least fault. The gutter, too, in the middle, by reason of the narrowness, is rather disagreeable; but what a pavement! That of Seville, in comparison, is an excellent *parquet*. At every three steps your parasol is sticking amongst enormous vilely chequered stones, your foot at every ten. The streets sloping very much towards the middle, you never have, in fact, a secure footing; for, in consequence of their narrowness, the declivity commences immediately by the houses; your passage, therefore, is inconvenient enough. But whatever you do, don't tread upon one of those frightful, mangy, savage dogs, who never think of getting out of your way, and who are, consequently, always being crushed and beaten, always setting up a hideous howl, and always sickening you by their very sight. Here a she-dog brings her brood into the world, there she suckles them, there lie a few dead, and now they are running under your feet, or growling at one another. Yet, if dogs were the sole inhabitants in Constantinople, you would find sufficient impediment in the streets, where heaps of sweepings, of rubbish, of muck, of melon-peelings, and all imaginable and unimaginable filth form barricades at every turn. But get out of the way! here come horses laden on either side with skins of leather filled with oil, and freely oiled outside as well; and look behind you! a file of donkeys with building-materials, tiles, and planks. Make way, too, for these men on your right, who are carrying large charcoal-baskets on their backs; and at the same time avoid those on your left, who, four, six, and eight of them together, are bearing bales of goods and barrels, so heavy that the two poles as thick as your arm by which they are supported, are bending beneath their load. Don't be stunned, if you can help it, with the braying of the donkeys, the bawling of the dealers in sweetmeats and chesnuts, the shouts of the porters advertising themselves by their cries, the howling of the dogs, but follow your dragoman, who, with the flying speed of a business man, one hardened to the calamity, gets before you, and now is round the corner, and now has vanished in the crowd. You arrive at a burying-ground. People in Europe are aware of the reverence with which the Turks regard their graves, how they visit them, and never allow them, as with us, to be turned up again after a certain number of years. There is something very beautiful in this idea of veneration, as the cypress-groves themselves, with their upright white grave-stones rising from the green sward, produce a noble and a solemn picture, when you call the vision to your mind. But look at the *reality*. The sward is trodden down, the grave-stones are overturned, broken, crooked; ruggedly-paved streets divide them; here sheep are grazing, there tarry donkeys; yonder are crowing cocks and cackling geese; upon this spot clothes are drying; upon that a joiner is at work.

The Countess has given some very *anti-romantic* descriptions of the women of the East. According to her, they are ugly, fat, and disgustingly dirty. From the dear translation we take her account of

TURKISH WOMEN.

I had gone to the bath chiefly with a view to see, if possible, handsome women. But they were *tout comme chez nous*, neither handsome nor plain, something between both—the young ones that is to say; the older, hideous. Age comes on here early.

They marry at thirteen, fourteen, even at twelve years old: at twenty they are thought too old for matrimony. The face exhibits the signs of age later than the figure; at some thirty years, that is frightfully flabby, spongy, and bloated. The everlasting sedentary way of life, the everlasting hot baths, the everlasting indulgence in sweetmeats and confectionary, deprive the form of all nerve. They look like masses of flesh, not solid enough to keep upright, but sinking down with their own weight. But you cannot form a conception how ardently one wishes to meet women in the streets, instead of those clumsy brown bears with white heads. The women with us are, God knows, not particularly beautiful; but, such as they are, they look infinitely better these muffled-up figures, and give a more cheerful aspect to the streets: this you find out before you have walked about here many days.

The Countess paid a visit to the harem of Rifat Pascha, and the fourteenth letter is entirely devoted to a description of its inmates and manners. It certainly exhibits the condition and indolent existence of the Eastern ladies in no very enviable light. We take from the *Novel Times* edition

A TURKISH HAREM.

The saloon was full of women; the two ladies of the house and the European and Turkish visitors seated themselves upon the different sofas, whilst the female slaves stood against the furthest-most wall of the apartment, or squatted themselves upon the floor, or waited upon their superiors. Their service consisted in handing round, first sweetmeats, of which the guest helped herself to a spoonful, washing them down with water,—then coffee, in small coloured china cups without handles, and resting in a kind of silver egg-cup. The coffee is not presented like the sweetmeats, viz. upon a tray; but every little cup is brought by itself, and presented softly and carefully with two fingers: and by two fingers likewise, and with equal caution, must the cup be taken, for the tiny things are always full to the brim. Having emptied your cup, you need only open your eyes, and forthwith a slave advances from the ranks, extending her flat hand. You place the cup upon it—she lays her other hand flat upon the same, a movement by which every collision of the fingers is avoided, and the little vessel is carried away in safety. Every waiter of the commonest café performs this trick adroitly. The little nieces, and the twelve-year old daughter-in law of the Pascha, were very active in serving the guests; and they were not importunate and unhandy as our children would be, but singularly quiet and clever, displaying all the tact of the female slaves. To acquire this is a part of their education. Had we been smokers, we should have given the slaves a deal to do. The mother of *Muchdar Bey* alone took a *Chibouque*: the other ladies did not smoke—out of respect to us, perhaps. You are naturally most anxious to know how these ladies look. It is grievous to say that I did not discover the slightest trace of beauty in any one of them. The sister of the Pascha has an extremely pleasant and good-humoured countenance, but it is so fat and globular, and her figure generally is so rotund, that she constantly gives you the idea of a large full moon. She wore a lilac-coloured taffeta-spencer, and a flowered white silk gown, slit up below, and in front, on both sides; whilst behind, it ran out into a train. Both articles of dress fitted so tightly to the body, that it was really wonderful how the body's fullness could be kept within such bounds. No portion of attire had the folds which you would expect to see, except the enormously wide pantaloons of yellow taffeta, which fell in so many and such broad folds that they rendered the whole foot invisible, and prevented your seeing how it was covered, or whether it had covering at all, from beneath. Upon her head the lady bore the small red cap and blue tassel, whilst, just in the centre of the forehead, there streamed a mass of false hair, tied up with other wets of hair, and ornamented with three large flowers of diamonds. The close sleeves of the spencer were cut open at the wrist, and under-sleeves of white muslin, with fringe and lilac-coloured silk laces, hung out like enormous ruffles. The finger-nails were painted of an orange colour. Thus, but in various colours, were all the females clothed. The slaves, it should be stated, wore neither silk nor diamonds; but, in other respects, their dresses resembled those of the quality. The children seemed to have the greatest share of finery. Their silk trailing garments, and the diamonds and feathers which waved in—I presume—an artistic profusion of locks and curls, looked ridiculous enough upon them. Every spencer was not closed at the neck with a little hook; on the contrary, not a single one was. Indeed the mother of *Muchdar Bey* presented her whole bust in a manner which, for a lady in years, we in Europe should consider very ludicrous. In all the dresses, my eye missed the grateful sight of something white and washable, which, according to our ideas, is pleasing in every costume, and absolutely essential in the shape of chemisette or ruffle, where costly materials are employed, such as velvet and satin. The variegated silk under-

sleeves fail to give you the requisite impression. There was, besides, scarcely cleanliness enough in the attire to please our taste. The chief subject of conversation was the difference between European and Turkish dresses; and the ladies expressed themselves in animated terms against stays. Their tight, close spencers, however, answer the same purpose.

But her visit to Damascus introduces us to another still less pleasing.

A HAREM AT DAMASCUS.

When we were on the point of leaving it (a new mansion), a message was sent requesting the gentlemen to retire, as the ladies wished to see me. They had scarcely withdrawn into the area, when I was surrounded by a crowd of females, so excessively ugly that they really made me start. Truly, the owner of this harem is not to be envied. The ladies and their female slaves were in the highest degree uncleanly and slovenly, nay quite disgusting; and looked as if, according to the prevailing custom here, they had slept in their clothes, and that not for one night only.

They were quite boisterous, laughed, and screamed aloud, stared at me, and seized my hands: the savages in the South Sea Islands could not be more rude or turbulent in the expressions of their curiosity. And this was the harem of a rich and distinguished man. Truly, the effects of living in a harem are unfeminizing and debasing in the extreme.

Let us pass to other scenes. From the Desert she sends some interesting traits of national character. We do not remember to have seen noticed by any other traveller,

ARAB SINGING.

The Arabian singing reminds me of the Spanish; like it, it falls inharmoniously upon the ear. Our mule-drivers, when in a good humour, sung all day long, or I should rather say they uttered, with all the power of their lungs, wild discordant tones, which sounded more like wrangling than singing, and when they passed from the one to the other, the difference was really not very perceptible. The abstinence of these people put me quite to the blush. I thought myself extremely moderate on this journey, yet I had every thing that I wanted in abundance, and of the best quality, though not in much variety. The muker, who had daily to travel eight or nine hours on foot along the most fatiguing roads, subsisted on a piece of bread not larger than my hand, and if we passed a vineyard or a field of maize, they would take a bunch of grapes or an ear of corn. This was all the solid food of which they partook; and if there are nutritious qualities in water, it is conceivable that they need but little substantial nourishment, for they passed neither stream, well, nor puddle without taking a draught. If water is not nourishing, they must have the capacity of a camel, which drinks by anticipation. With an empty stomach, they wrapt themselves up at night in their miserably thin cloaks, which are so scanty that they did not cover their naked shivering legs, and slept so soundly on the stony ground, under their beautiful, but ice-cold firmament of heaven, that Giorgio had to awake them every morning. Their teeth actually chattered with the cold while they packed the horses, but as soon as the sun appeared they sung till the mountains echoed. Sometimes one or the other would run on some distance before, in order to rest till we came up to him, which he effected by crouching down upon his heels in the Arab fashion. This mode of sitting appears to be far more inconvenient than that adopted by the Turks, who sit cross-legged. The evening we were at the khan Murad, I stared full of astonishment at our Seis for his twofold dexterity; he squatted upon his heels, and in this position wrote upon his left hand, with pen and ink, the reckoning which he was to give to his master at Beyrout. This facility in writing of an Arabian Seis really astonished me. In Germany, when a young man has attained this proficiency, he forthwith turns author: but here he is contented to remain a mule-driver. This evidence of good sense gives a favourable opinion of the Arabs.

A lively sketch is this of

ARMENIAN WOMEN.

At length, we came to an unveiled group of females, which certainly looked picturesque enough. To the strong boughs of an elm was attached a swing formed of cords, in which was seated a young female, whom two women servants alternately kept in motion; while an elder person squatted on a carpet under the tree, and played mechanically with small stones. The dragoman requested permission for us to approach nearer and to look at her dress, which the lady on the carpet readily granted. She rolled herself to one side of it; I seated myself by her; the young person, hastily leaving her swing, squatted down by me, the servants behind us, and then commenced, by means of the dragoman, a conversation, which might have been listened to with interest in any drawing-room in Europe—we talked about

dress. What pleased them most about mine was my blue veil, but what struck them most was my *lorignon*, through which they looked with such curiosity as if they expected all at once to see skyblue trees and a green sky. Their dress was the indoor costume of all Turkish ladies; wide trousers; a very close, long gown, slit into three aprons, as it were, the foreparts of which are drawn through the belt and form a sort of tunic; very narrow sleeves which, likewise slit up, hang down to the knees, but can be closed by means of buttons; no shoes, the one with stockings, the other with none, and on the head the red fez with blue tassel, with a broad band of yellow silk *filet*, resembling lace fastened with glittering pins to the superb black hair, which fell in half-braided tresses, and in parts quite loose, over neck, bosom, and shoulders. The material of their dresses was muslin of the most gaudy colours, lemon yellow, rose, and a stuff which is made at Brusa of silk and cotton, and has more sober colours. As both ladies, especially the elder, were strikingly handsome, they looked to me, beneath the brilliant sky, on the greensward, in the sunshine, like magnificent tulips. The elder had wonderfully beautiful black eyes, and a soft animated look. Her features were delicate and noble, but her face and still more her figure were broad and corpulent. The features of the younger were not regular, but her complexion was fresh and delicate as the morning red; she had small, handsome, light-grey eyes, with narrow, straight black eyebrows—but a look hard and spiteful enough to frighten one. The former only it was that looked to me like a tulip—the latter like a beautiful wild beast. Their hairpins and rings were of base metal, consequently they themselves were but of inferior condition. Persons of the higher class wear, I am told, very costly jewellery. They shewed no shyness towards the men, and at last they proposed to give me a swing. I concluded that the conversation was exhausted, and we took our leave.

The countess complains everywhere of the *uncleanliness* of a people who boast that their religion makes cleanliness the prince of virtues. The following is another instance of the readiness with which men will preserve the form and forget the spirit of institutions:—

CLEANLINESS IN THE EAST.

The religious cleanliness of the Mahometans is frequently spoken of: this must be merely understood to mean, that before they engage in prayer they perform their prescribed ablutions; which consist in dipping their hands into water and then passing them over their face, and sometimes over their feet; and after every meal to wash their mouth and hands, which they punctually perform in the same superficial manner. But as they *never* change their clothes, and always roll themselves about on the ground in the dust of Egypt, which swarms with vermin of every kind, under this burning sun, which is favourable to their increase; as they admit their animals, their camels, asses, goats, and sheep, into the circle of their families, and if possible between their four walls; as they execute every office with their hands, digging the ground in the fields, mixing the camels' dung with straw, &c.; they are, notwithstanding all their superficial ablutions, in a state of filth which can neither be described nor conceived; and this extends to all the oriental countries, and through all classes, although the towns and the rich have their baths.

In the chief harems at Constantinople, at the marriage-feast in the house of an Arabic Catholic merchant at Beyrout, in the elegant residences of the wealthy and beautiful Jewesses of Damascus, I never saw one woman who looked clean! They wore silks, embroidery, shawls, and diamonds; but these are all unwashable articles: at night they retire to rest in the greater part of their clothes, and loll about all day long on carpets and cushions. Wherever the women are untidy, the men will be more so; and if the rich are so, what can we expect from the poor?

We must now bid adieu to this entertaining work, at least for the present. It is possible we may return to it, when the translation in progress is completed.

FICTION.

Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent; or, Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property. By WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," &c. In Three vols. Dublin, 1845. Duffy.

ALL who have read the *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* will look with eagerness for any work proceeding from the same vigorous pen. The breadth of humour and depth of pathos; the intimate knowledge of that psychological mystery, the Irish character; the graphic power, the dramatic talent, ex-

hibited in that remarkable production, not only won for it an extensive present popularity, but have stamped it a book of enduring worth, which will live in after-years as a memorial of national features, even now undergoing a rapid change, and of which the best record will be preserved in Mr. CARLETON'S pages.

Esteeming thus highly his shorter stories, it was with some curiosity that we turned to his formal regulation-size romance, for nothing is more common than to find the best writers of stories failing entirely when they attempt the novel, with its sustained interest, its intricately woven plot, and its numerous characters, demanding a fertile invention to contrive, and a power of ready adaptation to sustain, them. Mr. CARLETON has been more successful in this than many of his rivals; but he has not so far mastered the difficulty that we can honestly pronounce *Valentine M'Clutchy* equal in merit to the *Traits and Stories*. Examined in parts, read as a collection of scenes, it presents all the excellences of its predecessor; but, judged as a whole, looking at the plot and the purport of the work, it somewhat disappoints expectation. Exaggerations of character, which tell in a short tale, or as a mere sketch, when introduced again and again through three volumes assume the aspect of caricatures. The reader wearies of scoundrelism unredeemed by a single good quality, because experience tells him that there is no such being in nature, who has given to no man to be without a virtue or without a vice. It is a fault of this novel, that it has too many villains, and that they are too villainous to be true, a fault which mars much of the impression the story would otherwise make, and the good it might, with more moderation in the use of shadows, have been calculated to effect. A novelist should carefully avoid impressing his readers with over much of painful emotion. A due proportion of it is necessary for variety's sake, and to enhance pleasure by contrast; but if the sensations of pain exceed those of pleasure, the memory of the book is often held in aversion, although it might have every other claim to respect and regard.

Mr. CARLETON has fallen into this error, and the cause of it is clear. He wrote *Valentine M'Clutchy* with an express purpose; that design being, not simply to paint men and manners, but to attack a system, to denounce a class, and to serve a party. Hence he set himself to his task more in the spirit of an advocate than in that of a witness; not so much to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as to make out a case and prove the position with which he started. Thus was his mind unconsciously biased, and the objects presented by his imagination were coloured by the hues of his own emotions. It is evident that he is not without suspicion of his own impartiality, for he deems it necessary to write an elaborate preface for the purpose of removing such an impression from the reader's mind, and also, it may be, with the very common endeavour to write himself into the belief that he was as he wished to be deemed. "This book," he says, "was written to exhibit a useful moral to the country. It will startle, I humbly trust, many a hard-hearted landlord and flagitious agent into a perception of their duty, and it will shew the negligent and reckless absentee how those from whose toils and struggles he derives his support, are oppressed, and fleeced, and trampled on in his name. It will also teach the violent and bigoted Conservative—or, in other words, the man who *still* inherits the Orange sentiments of past times—a lesson that he ought not to forget. It will also test the whole spirit of modern Conservatism and its liberality. If there be at the press, or anywhere else, a malignant bigot, with great rancour and little honesty, it is very likely he will attack my book."

Now we hope THE CRITIC has as little of bigotry and as much of honesty as any journal of its time; but we cannot help asking if this is precisely the spirit in which a novel should be undertaken, or is it strange that a work commenced in such a temper should be obnoxious to the objections we have deemed it our duty candidly to state?

But, these drawbacks admitted, and *Valentine M'Clutchy* still may claim a very high place among modern fictions. It has more originality, freshness, and vigour than a score of ordinary novels. CARLETON holds in supreme contempt the fopperies of fiction; he has a manly hatred for clap-trap of all kinds, for mawkish sentiment, shallow reflection, and hot-bed excitements, of which so plentiful a crop is every season

cultivated for the use of circulating libraries. He is himself everywhere and at all times, and himself alone, neither stealing nor borrowing from others. He has no respect for mere conventionalities, and what he feels strongly he hesitates not strongly to express, in plain English or Irish, as the case may be. His sketches of character are vivid in form, and full of life; his personages are not stuffed puppets, but real men and women, creatures of flesh and blood, moved each by an individual spirit, that speaks and acts for itself. His dialogues are veritable conversations, and not declamations or disquisitions; his humour is as abounding as ever, and he has not lost his command over the tears of his audience. Undoubtedly it is a book to be read; it will be perused with pleasure by everybody, and not without profit, for with the objections we have set forth above, it is no doubt a pretty faithful picture of what the Irish landlord-and-agent system was,—a system the terrible fruits of which are seen in the agrarian outrages that even now prevail, but which is fast disappearing under the influence of advanced civilization, improved morals, both public and private, free discussion, and a free press, and the last relics of which must yield before the spread of the kindlier social doctrines which it is the mission of YOUNG ENGLAND to disseminate through all parts of this great empire.

Valentine M'Clutchy, the hero, familiarly called Val the Vulture, is one of the rascally agents who, by a smooth tongue for his employer, and a rough one for the tenants, contrives to fill his own purse at the expense of both. The story is laid in the north of Ireland, in a district where Protestant ascendancy reigned uncontrolled, and rode roughshod over a peasantry of Catholics.

Val was the sub-steward of Lord Cumber, a personification of the worst class of Irish landlords; depraved, extravagant; an absentee, lavishing in English debauchery the rents wrung by his unscrupulous servant from his wretched tenantry. Assistants in the work of oppression are Solomon M'Slime, an attorney, professing piety, and cloaking under cant a mountain of wickedness, and Darby O'Drive, a cunning, fawning knave, with a spice of humour, who serves and betrays all in turn, as it suited his purpose.

Val has a son, whom he desires to unite to Mary, the fair daughter of Brian M'Loughlin, one of the wealthiest and most respectable tenants on the estate. The proposal is indignantly rejected by Brian, and the vengeance thereupon plotted and executed by Val is the framework of the story.

Mary is engaged to young Harman, a partner in her father's farm. M'Clutchy plots himself into the stewardship, and the magistracy, and then he puts in motion his designs against M'Loughlin. By the aid of Poll Doolin, a sort of half mysterious woman with a witless son, called Raymond of the Hats, he contrives to poison Mary's good fame, to set her at variance with her lover, to ruin and eject her father and his partner, in all which he was successful, until just at the needful moment for the purpose of the novelist, the debauched squire is killed in a duel, his brother, who is a better man, and who recognizes practically the maxim, not then put into words, that property has its duties as well as its rights, returns, takes his affairs into his own hands, detects the villainies of Val and the lawyer, restores M'Loughlin and Harman to their farm, and Mary to her lover's arms; an assassin shoots the Vulture, and M'Slime is struck off the rolls, and the story ends with virtue rewarded and vice punished. There are many subordinate characters, who must be sought in the work itself, which it is scarcely necessary for us to commend to the many libraries and readers who honour THE CRITIC by looking to it for guidance in their orders.

The pressure upon our columns at this season compels us to limit illustrative extracts. The following will sufficiently shew the character of the composition:—

A RELIGIOUS ATTORNEY.

Solomon M'Slime, the law agent, was a satisfactory proof of the ease with which religion and law may meet and aid each other in the heart and spirit of the same person. An attorney, no doubt, is at all times an amiable, honest, and feeling individual, simply upon professional principles; but when to all this is added the benignant influence of serious and decided piety, it would not be an easy task to find, among the several classes which compose society in general, any thing so truly engaging, so morally taintless, so sweetly sanctimonious, so seductively

comely, as is that pure and evangelical exhibition of human character, that is found to be developed in a religious attorney.

Solomon M'Slime was a man in whose heart the two principles kept their constant residence; indeed so beautifully were they blended, that his law might frequently be mistaken for religion, just as his religion, on the other hand, was often known to smack strongly of law. In this excellent man, these principles accommodated each other with a benignant indulgence, that manifested the beauty of holiness in a high degree. If, for instance, law in its progress presented to him any obstacle of doubtful morality, religion came forward with a sweet but serious smile, and said to her companion, "My dear friend, or sister, in this case I permit you." And, on the contrary, if religion at any time felt over sensitive or scrupulous, law had fifty arguments of safety, and precedent, and high authority to justify her. But, indeed, we may observe, that in a religious attorney, these illiberal scruples do not often occur. Mr. M'Slime knew the advantages of religion too well, to feel that contraction of the mind and principles, which in so many ordinary cases occasions religion and common morality to become almost identical. Religion to him was a friend—a patroness in whose graces he stood so high, that she permitted him to do many things which those who were more estranged from her durst not attempt. He enjoyed that state of blessed freedom which is accorded to so few, and, consequently, had his "permissions" and his "privileges" to go in the wicked warfares of this trying world much greater lengths than those who were less gifted and favoured by the sweet and consoling principle which regulated and beautified his life.

Solomon was a small man, thin, sharp-featured, and solemn. He was deliberate in his manner and movements, and correct, but slow of speech. Though solemn, however, he was not at all severe or querulous, as is too frequently the case with those who affect to be religious. Far from it. On the contrary, in him the gospel gifts appeared in a cheerful gravity of disposition, and a good-humoured lubricity of temper, that could turn with equal flexibility and suavity to every incident of life, no matter how trying to the erring heart. All the hinges of his spirit seemed to have been graciously and abundantly oiled, and such was his serenity, that it was quite evident he had a light within him. It was truly a pleasure to speak to, or transact business with such a man, he seemed always so full of inward peace, and comfort, and happiness. Nay, upon some occasions, he could rise to a kind of sanctified facetiousness that was perfectly delightful, and in the very singleness of his heart, would, of an odd time, let out, easily and gently it is true, a small joke, that savoured a good deal of secular humour.

Then he was so full of charity and affection for all that were frail and erring among our kind, that he never, or seldom, breathed a harsh word against the offender. Or if, in the fulness of his benevolence, he found it necessary to enumerate their faults, and place them, as it were, in a catalogue, it was done in a spirit of such love, mingled with sorrow, that those to whom he addressed himself, often thought it a pity that he himself did not honour religion by becoming the offender, simply for the sake of afterwards becoming the penitent.

In the religious world he was a very active and prominent man—punctual in his devotional exercises, and always on the look-out for some of those unfortunate brands with which society abounds, that he might, as he termed it, have the pleasure of plucking them out of the burning. He never went without a bible and a variety of tracts in his pocket, and seldom was missed from the platform of a religious meeting. He received subscriptions for all public and private charities, and has repeatedly been known to offer and afford consolation to the widow and orphan, at a time when the pressure of business rendered the act truly one of Christian interest and affection.

The hour was not more than ten o'clock A.M. when Darby entered his office, in which, by the way, lay three or four bibles, in different places. In a recess on one side of the chimney-piece, stood a glass-covered book case, filled with the usual works on his profession, whilst hung upon the walls, and consequently nearer observation, were two or three pensive shelves, on which were to be found a small collection of religious volumes, tracts, and other productions, all bearing on the same subject. On the desk was a well-thumbed bible to the right, which was that used at family prayer; and on the opposite side, a religious almanac, and a copy of Congregation hymns.

A COUNTY MEMBER.

His speech at elections absolutely became a proverb in the country: and, indeed, when we remember the good-natured license of the times, as many still may, together with the singular blending of generosity and violence, horse-whipping and protection, mirth and mischief, which characterized the bearing of such men as Topertoe, we are fain to think, to vary the proverb a little, that he might have spoken more and fared worse.

"Here I am again, ye blaggards; your own old Topertoe, that never had a day's illness but the gout, bad luck to it.

Damn your bloods, ye affectionate rascals, sure you love me, and I love you, and 'tiso't Gully Preston (his opponent) that can cut our loves in two. No, boys, he's not the blade to do that, at any rate! Hurra then, ye vagabones; could Tom Topertoe for ever! He loves his bottle and his wench, and will make any rascal quiver on a daisy that would dare to say bow to your blankets. Now, Gully Preston, make a speech—if you can! Hurra for Tom Topertoe, that never had a day's illness but the gout, had luck to it! and don't listen to Gully Preston, boys! Hurra!"

This speech, from which he never varied, was waited for at elections with a vehemence of mirth and a force of popularity which no eloquence brought against him could withstand. Indeed, it is perfectly well known that it alone returned him; for when, upon an occasion of considerable doubt and difficulty, the two parties of the county having been considered as equally balanced, he was advised by some foolish friend, or enemy in disguise, to address them in a serious speech, the consequences were near proving disastrous to his interests.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.

In a great portion of Ireland there are to be found, in all fairs, what the people term *spoilten-tents*—that is, tents in which fresh mutton is boiled, and sold out, with bread and soup, to all customers. I know not how it happens, but, be the motive or cause what it may, scarcely any one ever goes into a *spoilten-tent* unless in a mood of mirth and jocularity. To eat *spoilten* seriously, would be as rare a sight as to witness a wife dancing on her husband's coffin. It is very difficult, indeed, to ascertain the reason why the eating of fresh mutton in such circumstances is always associated with a spirit of strong ridicule and humour. At all events, nothing can exceed the mirth that is always to be found among the parties who frequent such tents. Fun, laughter, jest, banter, attack and repartee, fly about in all directions, and the only sounds heard are those of light-hearted noise and enjoyment.

Perhaps, if the cause of this were closely traced, it might be found to consist in a sense of shame, which Paddy good-humouredly attempts to laugh away. It is well known that the great body of the people pass through life without ever tasting either beef or mutton—a circumstance which every one acquainted with the country knows to be true. It is also a fact, that nineteen out of every twenty who go in to eat *spoilten*, are actuated more by curiosity than hunger, inasmuch as they consist of such persons as have never tasted it before. This, therefore, being generally known, and each possessing a latent consciousness of its truth, it is considered best to take the matter in good humour, and escape the shame of the thing, together with the poverty it implies, by turning it into ridicule and jest. This, indeed, is pretty evident from the nature of the *spoilten-keeper's* observations on being paid; which is usually—"Thank you, Barney; you may now consider yourself a gentleman;" or, if a female—"Long life to you, Bridget; you may now go into high life any time."

St. Etienne; a Romance of the First Revolution. By Miss MARTIN. In 3 vols. Newby, 1845.

St. Etienne has all the surface attractions to win the visitors at the circulating library. It is written with remarkable ease, elegance, and vivacity; the subject is happily chosen; passages of powerful description present themselves continually; the writer is mistress of facts, and narrates them with rapidity, but yet with distinctness. She has entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the strife she celebrates, and the fervour of her feelings glows in her pages and kindles a hundred emotions in the mind of the reader.

Miss MARTIN's most obvious defect is precisely that which we have such frequent occasion to note in works of fiction, the want of the dramatic faculty. There are two forms of fiction; one, in which the narrator is visible throughout, telling the story; and the other, in which the narrative tells its own tale. In the former it is permitted to the teller to be constantly in sight, and for his voice to be ever audible. In the latter he should neither be seen nor heard, and he never thrusts his head into view without marring the effect of the scene. Now Miss MARTIN is a clever story-teller, but she cannot so well write a fiction in which the story is told by the personages and the events that figure in it, and not by the writer in *propria persona*. She sketches her characters with infinite tact and nicety, but she does not sustain them with a power equal to that displayed in their conception. The fact is, that her mind is rather sentimental than reflective. She has not the tendency to reasoning which would have led her to trace events to their causes, and to test the probabilities of the circumstances by which she endeavours to account for the emotions she depicts.

The scene is laid during the civil war in La Vendée, at St. Etienne, a valley in the Bocage, the seignory of the family of Larocheoire. The baron has assembled a little army of his peasantry, and joins Larochejacquelin; his only son, Romain, and Fontanier, the betrothed of his only daughter, Ida, have joined the Republicans, and are quartered with the army in the district. This, however, is not made the main source of interest in the plot, for the rival relations appear to bear their differences very amicably. The prominent feature in the story is the adventures of the lovers. Romain is devotedly attached to Marie, the sister of his friend and comrade, Fontanier; but she, in obedience to her father's will, had taken the veil. The revolution, however, destroyed the convents, and dispersed their inmates. Marie flies to St. Etienne. There she meets Romain. Seeing his devotion, and moved by her own affections, she wavers between her vows and her wishes, sometimes one inclining to the ascendant, sometimes the other, when a dispensation ultimately relieves her suspense. The suit of Fontanier proceeds thrivingly, in spite of a formidable rival in the person of the Marquis de Pomerars, a noble debauchee, who quits Ida, after a short and vain siege, to attack the baroness. A source of still more serious trouble to Fontanier arises from a strange delusion he has cherished, that his sister had been seduced by Romain; and he proceeds so far as to plan assassination, upon a mere groundless suspicion, one of those improbabilities to which we alluded in a former part of this notice. The scenes of the Vendean war, so powerfully depicted in the Memoirs of Larochejacquelin, are of course reproduced in *St. Etienne*, and afford large scope for Miss MARTIN's descriptive faculties.

Upon the whole, this romance may certainly be deemed rather *above the average*, and, as such, deserving a place in the circulating library, where it is likely to be popular.

The Roman Matron, or Vittoria Accorombona; a Novel. Translated from the German of LUDWIG TIECK. In 3 vols.

WITH many advantages arising from a subject peculiarly calculated to kindle the author's imagination, this romance is not a successful one. It is just what a young gentleman about town would designate *slow*. TIECK wants the glow of fancy required for the happy amalgamation of fiction with truth, so essential to the historical romance. He is too matter-of-fact to be a good novelist. His minuteness of detail, his perpetual haltings in his story to throw in his own reflections and comments, however pleasing to German taste, are tedious to English readers, who love stir and bustle, and prefer action to thought. Hence, TIECK will never be as popular with us as in his own country; and we are surprised that so many translations of his works should be attempted, for, surely, none of them can remunerate the speculators.

The Roman Matron has the faults of her brethren. The scene is in Italy, in the sixteenth century—the place and age of fierce passions and tremendous crimes. Pride and poverty combine to tempt a haughty mother to make up a match between her daughter and a man she hates and despises, because he is rich; and the murders and other crimes resulting from the unholy union, commingled with events and persons famous at the time, form the skeleton of the plot. Out of such materials a very attractive romance might have been framed; but wanting the capacity, TIECK has produced a work of little worth, which we would recommend to the shelves of those only who have a large circle to supply, and to the hands of such readers alone as have a superabundance of leisure.

Waldgrove; or the Fortunes of Bertram; a Tale of 1746.

In two vols. London, 1845.

THE Rebellion of '45 is the historical occasion seized upon by the author for the purposes of a romance. The hero is a rebel in heart, but wants the courage to be one in act; he favours the cause of the Pretender and purposes to join him, but hesitates, and finally declines to do so. Like most persons who halt between two opinions, he does not save himself from suspicion, and he is thence involved in the dangers and difficulties necessary to the completion of a novel. But the writer has not capacity for his task; he wants imagination to construct a plot, and skill to put his ideas into pleasing words.

Waldgrove is indeed a miserably dull affair, nor should we have noticed it, but to warn the many circulating libraries that honour THE CRITIC by relying upon its guidance in their purchases, to beware, lest they unconsciously lumber their shelves with a production quite unworthy of their attention.

The O'Donogue. A Tale of Ireland fifty years ago. By HARRY LORREQUER. Nos. I. & II. Dublin, Curry and Co.

UNTIL a novel is complete we will not venture an opinion upon its literary merits. Of the numbers of this one now before us we can only at present say that they are neatly printed and very cleverly illustrated, each with two engravings.

POETRY.

Angel Visits: Poems. By Miss ANNA SAVAGE. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

AMID the pile of absurdities and inanities that provoke the patience of those upon whom the task devolves of reviewing the class of publications that come within the department of "Poetry and the Drama," it is refreshing to light upon a work that has some pretensions to rank under this title.

For this reason Miss SAVAGE's *Angel Visits* are really such to us. If they be not poetry of a very high class, they are far from belonging to the offensive impertinences we have so frequent occasion to rebuke. They are above mediocrity, and that is a miracle now-a-days. Miss SAVAGE is poetical in temperament and feeling, and she has laboured at her vocation and obtained considerable mastery over the art of verse-making. She never vexes the reader with desperately bad rhymes or halting metres. We cannot say that we have found in her pages aught calculated to surprise by originality of thought; we have looked in vain for lines or stanzas that flash upon the mind, and fix themselves there as fresh revelations of the invisible world spread round about us, into which it is the poet's great privilege and glorious mission to gaze, and to proclaim to mortals not so gifted the wonders and the wisdom that are taught there. But Miss SAVAGE can utter in sweet tones and in a graceful manner the emotions that arise in ordinary minds, and the rarer sentiments gathered unconsciously from the genius with which she has loved to commune, and this is the next degree of merit; it is *talent*, which is by this distinguished from *genius*. In proof, we take two of the best compositions in the volume:—

THE NIGHT-FLOWER.

With drooping head and shivering wing, beneath a summer shower,
A fairy stood alone and sad at midnight's dreary hour;
A loiterer o'er her daily task, last of the elfin band,
The gentle spirit sighed in vain to reach her own fair land.
Light was her labour; it was hers to raise the blossoms up
That drooped beneath the noon-tide heat, and o'er each thirsty cup,
To pour with light and kindly hand the soft refreshing dew,
Till buds unclosed beneath her care, and blossoms bloomed anew.

To guide the warm and wandering beam along the shadowy glade,
Till bird and butterfly rejoiced in sunshine that she made,
The roses raised their blushing heads to catch her light wing's sound;
All seemed to love the lonely one who shed such joy around.
But now the heavy rains descend upon the trembling thing;
She vainly tries her upward flight, drenched is the rainbow wing
That 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light could range the mountains
o'er, —

'Tis drooping, useless, by her side, too feeble now to soar.

First to the Rose, her favourite flower, the fairy swiftly hies,
But beauty, lulled in sunny dreams, was deaf to sorrow's sighs;
The northern blast would pale her cheek and fade her cherished bloom,
A friend but made for summer days, and not for nights of gloom.
The Lily every fragile bell in cold reluctance hung—
How often to her joyous song they had an echo rung!—
Now shrouded safely in her leaves denies the comfort sought;
'Twas not the fairy that was loved, but the sunshine that she brought.

The Poppy in his gorgeous robe was wrapped in slumber dull,
And heeded not the wanderer's flight,—the lost, the beautiful;
And thus in turns the morning friends that decked the gay parterre,
Refused the shelter that she sought, in deep dejection there;
And wearily she onward went, nor word of solace heard,
When o'er her head a stranger flower her petals gently stirred,
And bade her in her glowing cup till daylight softly rest,
Then opened wide her golden leaves, a welcome to her guest.

Sheltered within by careful love, the fairy folds her wing;
At morn around her home of rest they marked her hovering;

And still when fades the twilight dim beneath the midnight sky,
The Cereus opens her perfumed cup and spirits o'er it fly;
The blossoms gratefully they guard, and rest beneath the shade,
Blest but by some benighted one, and for the lonely made,
Shrouding her deep and sweetest leaves from worshipping's careless eyes,
To cheer some wandering child of grief, 'neath sorrow's gloomy skies.

ON HEARING MESMERISM CALLED IMPIOUS.

Call not the gift unholy; 'tis a fair—a precious thing,
That God hath granted to our hands for gentlest minst'ring.
Did Mercy ever stoop to bless with dark unearthly spell?
Could impious power whisper peace the soul's deep throes to quell?
Would evil seek to work but good,—to lull the burning brain,
And linger in some scene of woe, beside the bed of pain,—
To throw upon the o'erfraught heart the blessing of repose,—
Untiring watch the eye of care in healing slumber close,—
And as the agony of grief fell 'neath the Spirit's will,
O'er the wild billows of despair breathe tenderly—Be still!
Speak gently of the new-born gift, restrain the scoff and sneer,
And think how much we may not learn is yet around us here;
What paths there are where Faith must lead, that Knowledge cannot share,
Though still we tread the devious way, and feel that truth is there.
Say, is the world so full of joy—hath each so fair a lot,
That we should scorn one bounteous gift, and scorn to use it not,
Because the finite thought of man grasps not its hidden source?
Do we reject the stream because we cannot track its course?
Hath Nature, then, no mystic law we seek in vain to scan?
Can man, the masterpiece of God, trace the unerring plan
That places o'er the restless sea the bounds it cannot pass;
That gives the fragrance to the flower, the "glory to the grass?"
Oh! Life with all its fitful gleams hath sorrow for its dower,
And with the wrung heart dwell the pang and many a weary hour;
Hail, then, with gladness what may soothe the aching brain to rest!
And call not impious that which brings a blessing and is blest.
The gladden'd soul re-echoes praise where'er this power hath been,
And what in mercy God doth give, O "call not thou unclean!"

The Cottager's Sabbath; and other Poems. By JOHN HURREY. London, 1845. Bartlett.

AUTHORS have strange notions of the critic's office. They appeal to the reviewers for mercy, and pray that their faults may not be too severely visited; Mr. JOHN HURREY "feels satisfied that the high-souled critic, treading day by day in a garden of exotics, will not stoop to crush so humble a flower" as himself. He proffers apologies and excuses for venturing into print, and declares how conscious he is that he has no right to be where he has placed himself.

From the general tone of prefaces, it is evident that authors entertain the belief that reviewers exist for them, and that the purpose of criticism is to reward or punish writers according to their deserts. But, in truth, the object for which reviews are established is simply for the guidance of readers. The duty of the critic is exclusively to those whom he undertakes honestly to inform whether a book be worth the purchase. It is clear that this duty could not faithfully be discharged, were the reviewer to take any heed of the prayers of authors for lenient judgments. If they were alone concerned, we might, with a clear conscience, be to their "faults a little blind;" but we cannot be partial to them without deceiving those to whom we have undertaken to declare our honest opinion of the new publications submitted for their patronage.

Nor should an excuse be pleaded for any authorship. If a book be a good one, no excuse can be required. If it be a bad one, no valid apology for its being printed can be put forth. A book is like any other merchandise, it is taken at its worth. What would be said of a tradesman who should submit his wares to a customer with an apology for their inferiority to his neighbour's stock? Yet equally absurd is it to preface an inferior book with an apology for its badness.

But with poetry, and indeed with all the fine arts, severity of judgment is especially required of the honest critic. The office of the Arts is to please, therefore inferiority in them is actually offensive, and even mediocrity is scarcely endurable. A reader may peruse an ill-written scientific treatise, and derive advantage from some information it may contain; but nobody reads poetry for any other than its own sake; and if a volume of verses contain no poetry, it is an impertinence, and angers by its false pretences. Therefore it is, that with the circumstances under which it was composed, or the author's doubts or explanations, the critic has not the slightest concern. His simple duty is, to judge the production as it is, and to inform his readers truly whether it will reward perusal.

The Cottager's Sabbath, and the other poems contained in this little volume, are obnoxious to the complaint we have so frequent occasion to prefer against the crowds of aspirants to

the honours of the poet; they are very common-place in idea and sentiment; they are utterly wanting in originality; they are such as may be found in every album, such as every person writes at some period of his life, poetizing being one of the epidemics which "flesh is heir to," and with which almost everybody is infected once at least. Certainly the poems in this volume are not so vile as some of those we had occasion to notice in our last number; they have no glaring faults; but that is not enough to entitle them to praise; they should have some positive excellences which, it must be confessed, the reader would in vain make search after here. The thoughts are precisely such as would occur to every person, the language just that which the practice of reading poetry would teach to anybody. Poetry is not Mr. HURREY'S vocation. He is not, and never can be, a poet in the proper sense of that term, and the best advice we can proffer him is to turn to some other mental occupation better suited to his capacities. It may be that he can write very decent prose; if so, to prose let him confine his pen for the future.

Isleford and other Poems; a book for Winter Evenings and Summer Moods. By GEORGE MURRAY. London, 1845, Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. GEORGE MURRAY has ventured upon a definition of poetry, to which we are inclined to subscribe. Poetry, he says, "is the communion of an individual heart with the heart universal—the great Heart of Humanity." If not quite satisfactory, this is certainly the best reply we have seen to the query, "What is Poetry?"

It is plain from this that Mr. MURRAY knows at least what it is he undertakes when he sets himself to write a poem; he knows, too, the natural and acquired gifts needful for the mighty task. He must have in him a heart—a great deep heart, that sympathizes with the heart of the universe; a mind to perceive the relationship of things that to men of common mould appear to be without kindred; a delicate organization to teach the mysteries of metre, rhyme, and rhythm, wherein to convey the images and sentiments that have had their birth within him.

MR. MURRAY possesses some of these qualifications; he has in his composition many of the ingredients that make the poet. His thoughts are tinged with poetry; he is not a mere mechanical verse-maker, but he speaks in verse because it is the natural language of his emotions. He tells us in his preface that this is a maiden work, and we presume that he is a young man. We hope so, for he has yet a great deal to learn before he will be entitled to a place of honour among the poets of his country—if a true poet can be said to be of any country. His mind needs yet to be expanded by reading and reflection; he must observe much, and think more; he must study composition as an art; let him write and re-write, and burn the paper at last, if it do not stand the test of inspection; let him blot without mercy—polish without weariness; lay aside every written sheet for six months, and then boldly blot and tediously polish again. We deem it not improbable that by industry such as this he might in a few years make himself a poet. And is not that a glory worthy to be waited for and worked for? If he do not think so, it will be a sign that he has not in him the true fire. In proof both of the merits and defects we have noticed, we cite one poem—the best in the volume, although the last.

CONSUMPTION.

We wandered on: the summer-wind was flying to the North;
The hawthorn like a censer swung and flung its incense forth;
We heard the cuckoo's spirit-voice walking the woods among
In sad-sweet dual melody—a blossom-burst of song;
And every living thing was glad—nay, even lifeless things
Were not so dead but that they lived in our imaginings.

When next I trod the same green path, the eve was fair and still,
The young moon backward bent—like one that goeth down a hill,
But now I wandered all alone in pleasure's very dearth,
For she was gone behind that veil that hideth heaven from earth;
And every fair, familiar haunt to eye, and soul, and heart,
Did seem in kindness to have lost its beautifullest part;
For well I wot this gay, green earth, with bird, and flower, and tree,
Shall never, never more appear the same old world to me!

Consumption! when I hear the word it makes me hold my breath!
Oh, hide its hideousness behind its synonyme of death!
It hath a lover's eye to make the beautiful its prize,
And yet the strength of Death's right hand to fasten where it flies.

It cometh like an angel-shape, all loveliness and bloom,
And Hope, high Hope is in its train, that speaks not of the tomb,
But whispers words of life even when the upward-rolling eye
Betrays its fear relationship to yon half-open sky!

I saw its hand on Isabelle—God, give me any care,
But save me from the second sight of seeing aught so fair!
That cheek, by turns so finely flushed and spiritually wan,
Was too, too heavenly for earth—too beautiful for man!
I saw when first her trouble came—I saw she would not stay,
I knew that seraphs o'er her hung, and wooed her soul away:
We gave her spirit to its God, her body to the worm—
Heaven never got a purer soul, nor earth a fairer form;
Her day was cloudless to the last, and set most gloriously—
Great God, we have an angel less by giving one to Thee!

The Amidei: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. London, 1845. Pickering.

A LEGEND of Florence, growing out of the faction fights of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, has been taken for the plot of this tragedy. The story, however, is not very interesting. *Laura Amidei*, daughter of the Count *Amidei*, is in love with *Ricardo Buondelmonte*, a son of the Guelphic count of that name; the father is anxious for their union, but the young man has been smitten by the charms of *Angela*, daughter of the Countess *Donati*. The Countess, supposing that the elder *Buondelmonte* was rich, although he pretended poverty, sought to bring about a union between her daughter and his son. But he is anxious that *Laura* should be the favoured fair, and prevails upon *Ricardo* to pledge himself to her. The Countess, learning this, invites *Ricardo* to a feast, introduces her daughter to him, and so revives his love; thereupon he hastens to *Laura*, tells her that his heart was another's, and she nobly releases him from his pledge to her. But *Laura* is beloved also by *Mosca*, a Ghibelline lord, who, in jealousy of *Ricardo* for *Laura*'s love, plots against his life, and kindles the old family feud for the purpose of destroying him. He and his faction resolve to assassinate *Ricardo* on the bridge; they meet him, and just as *Amidei*, *Laura*'s brother, is lifting his sword to stab *Ricardo*, she rushes in and receives its point in her bosom, and dies; then *Mosca* stabs *Ricardo*; then old *Buondelmonte* fights with *Mosca* and wounds him, whereupon *Mosca* stabs himself, and the bloody scene doth end.

These are poor materials for a tragedy, and it must be confessed that the author has not made the best of them. There is a want of imagination in the conception and of power in the execution. Dramatic talent is deficient alike in the sketching of character and the conduct of dialogue. Individuality is not stamped upon the personages brought upon the stage; their words are tame and passionless, as if they came rather from the head than from the heart. The author is visible in every line; his voice speaks, his thoughts are uttered. He cannot become for a moment the personage he paints, and wanting this faculty, which is the essence of the dramatic, as distinct from other forms of genius, *The Amidei* is a failure. It has, however, some merits, but they are such as might make the author a popular writer of prose. His composition is flowing, easy, and sometimes graceful. He never sins against metre, and if his thoughts never soar, they never sink below mediocrity. The best passage in the play we extract as a specimen of what the author could do with a more congenial theme:—

LAURA'S DREAM.

'Twas a strange dream. Methought I stood with thee,
Thy hand in mine, on the o'erhanging verge
Of a high precipice. Beneath our feet
Fair flowers of earth, and in the sky, the dawn
Came smiling forth, paling the morning star!
Before us there was nothingness—we looked
Down an abyss of air, not dark, but flushed
With hues of daylight. Sudden, from the depth
Rose the faint sound of music; up to thee
I looked, and saw thee smile. Then from the space
Arose a form of beauty—rich and full
Breathed the sweet music as she floated on,
Marking her path with golden light—but then
I turned, and saw thee not;—Yes, thou wert gone.
Another moment—and I looked on high—
There thou with seraph form, and glittering wings
Wert soaring with that Angel! And I heard
A farewell sighing in the melody
That rolled beneath. I fell, and shuddering, woke.

An Imitative Version of Sophocles' Tragedy, Antigone. By W. BARTHOLOMEW. Ewer & Co.

TRANSLATION is a sufficiently difficult task, even though the translator be unfettered. But when he is required, not only to translate, but to mould his translation to music, it would be absurd to apply to him the usual measure of merit. All that can be said of this version of *Antigone* is, that it is better than most librettos, but it has no pretensions to the character of a literary production.

EDUCATION.

Homonyma Linguae Latinae, or Words similar in Sound, but different in Sense, &c. By THOMAS SWINBURNE CARR, One of the Classical Masters of King's College School. London, Schloss.

THE utility of such an appendix to the dictionary as this will be evident at a glance. There is no more serious impediment to the student of languages than the many words which are alike in sound, but have different significations. To bring these together, and shew them side by side, so that they may be readily committed to memory, or referred to, is the laborious duty undertaken by Mr. CARR, and performed with creditable care, for he has illustrated the respective meanings by apt examples from the Latin Classics.

College Lectures on Ecclesiastical History; with complete sets of Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham University Examination Papers. By the Rev. WILLIAM BATES, M.A., Fellow, Lecturer, and Hebrew Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge. London, 1844. Parker.

THESE lectures were delivered to the students of Christ's College, at the request of the senior tutor, in the Lent term of last year. They are remarkable for the introduction of an entirely new plan, which appears, from the author's preface, to have succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; they were delivered in the catechetical form, "as a convenient mode of breaking the subject into distinct parts, and of allowing time for notes to be taken." However attractive this plan may have proved to the students, it certainly destroys the interest of the work for the general reader.

But for those who really desire to acquaint themselves with ecclesiastical history, who are willing, for the sake of knowledge, to become students, a more instructive book could not be recommended. It is eminently calculated, both by its form and language, to engrave facts upon the memory. Beginning with the literature of ecclesiastical history, which contains a succinct account of its principal writers from the earliest date to the present time, it proceeds to teach the history of the Church. This subject is divided into three parts, the first comprising the period from its origin to the assembling of the Council of Nice, A.D. 325; the second carrying on the narrative to the commencement of the Reformation; and the third being devoted to the history of the English Church. The collection of Examination Papers on the same subject, appended to the volume, adds greatly to its value. From its very nature it is not a work for extract, but we can confidently recommend it to all who for any purpose desire to inform themselves intimately upon the important subjects to which it is devoted.

The History and Geography of Greece, including its Literature, Forms of Government, and the spread of Grecian Civilization by Colonies and Conquests. By THOMAS SWINBURNE CARR, Classical Master of King's College. London, Simpkin and Co.

THIS work is of too old date to permit us to enter minutely upon its merits. Suffice it to say, that it differs materially from other books on the same subject, in this, that Mr. CARR has introduced into the body of the history such remarks on the general state of society as serve to explain the narrative, and such accounts of the leading characters as tend to render their actions intelligible. With this view he has added chapters in reference to particular epochs: as the Heroic Age, the legislation of SOLON and LYCURGUS, and particularly a chapter on the organization of the Athenian republic, civil, mili-

tary, and political. The progress of geography among the Greeks, and their literature, are also specially considered. The execution of the work fulfils the promise of the preface; and it is certainly a useful contribution to the school and family library.

The Tragedies of Sophocles, with Notes critical and explanatory; adapted to the use of Schools and Universities. By T. MITCHELL, M.A., late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. In 2 vols. Oxford, Parker. London, Whitaker.

IT would appear that these plays of SOPHOCLES were published separately, for each is distinctly pagged. We are, however, somewhat perplexed by a singular arrangement of the volumes upon our table. On their backs they bear the proper title, vol. 1, vol. 2. Opening the first volume, we find no general title-page, but only the title-page to one tragedy, *Antigone*, and at the close of that there is the title-page to the second play, and so forth to the close of the volume. That endorsed vol. 2 has a general title-page (which we have copied above), also shewing that it is vol. 2; but immediately, therefore, succeeds the title-page to *Antigone*, and the same plays are contained in this as in the other volume. What is the meaning of this?—if it be an error of the binder, or what, we cannot divine?

The tragedies appear to be edited with extreme care. The typography is beautiful, and the notes are very elaborate. Mr. MITCHELL has not confined his comments to criticism, but they are truly explanatory, containing, in most instances, translations of obscure and difficult passages. They are, indeed, a repertory of philological, antiquarian, and historical knowledge; and the student who uses this edition, will glean a vast amount of information, in addition to accurate acquaintance with the great dramatist. It needs but to be seen to be preferred to any that has yet appeared; and we can confidently recommend it not only to schools and colleges, but to all who desire to possess an elegant and useful edition of the tragedies of SOPHOCLES.

PERIODICALS.

THREE periodicals we are about, for the first time, to introduce to our readers. As although one of them is of long standing, we have had no earlier opportunity to describe its general character, we shall do so, as is our wont, before we make the usual brief record of the contents of the particular numbers as they come before us.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Chambers.

THIS is one of the miracles of our age. We do not know the cost of the completed volume, but the tracts of which it is composed were issued at a charge that sets competition at defiance, no less than thirty-two well-stored pages being issued for a penny. But its intrinsic merits must not be estimated by its price. The subjects selected are all useful, and, which is of equal importance, all pleasant, entertaining reading; such as a "Biography of the King of the French," "Life in the Bush," "William Tell and Switzerland," "Tales by Mrs. Hall," and others, and some well-selected poetry. The typography is beautiful, and there are numerous wood-cuts. Such a work must wonderfully aid the progress of popular education, and in the right way too; it cultivates something more than the knowing faculties.

The Edinburgh Tales. Conducted by Mrs. JOHNSTONE, author of "Clan Allyn," &c. Part I. for January. Edinburgh, Tait.

THIS is a very promising periodical. The design is to present, at a trifling cost, a collection of interesting stories and *novellettes*, some original, some selected from copyright publications, with occasional translations from the German, French, Swedish, &c. The editor is well known as herself a novelist of great power, and she has among her contributors such names as WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT, Mrs. S. C. HALL, TYTLER, Mrs. CROWE, the author of *Susan Hopley*, Mrs. GORE, T. CARLYLE, &c. The type is clear and pleasant to read, although a page contains as much as six or eight of an ordinary

novel. The present part contains three clever tales, entitled respectively "Young Mrs. Roberts's Three Christmas Dinners," "Mary Anne's Hair," "Governor Fox." The price is so very trifling that only a vast circulation can repay the enterprising publisher.

Ainsworth's Magazine, a Monthly Miscellany of Romance, &c. Edited by W. H. AINSWORTH, Esq. For February. London, Mortimer.

THE attractive feature of this periodical, from its birth, has been the succession of romances furnished by the fertile pen of the editor, and illustrated by the genius of CRUIKSHANK. We cannot say much for his auxiliaries. With two or three exceptions, they have but little advanced the popularity of this periodical. The number upon our table is of the same stamp as its predecessors. Mr. AINSWORTH is in the midst of a romance with the taking title of "Revelations of London," abounding in all sorts of adventure and strange incident, and illustrated by two etchings that attempt the mysterious with some success. The other articles, though appended to them are such names as MACKAY, OLLIER, T. ROSCOE, &c. are of a mediocre class, equal to the average of *English* magazine writing; but that is sufficiently low in the intellectual scale. Compare the London with the Scotch magazines, and what a contrast!

The Dublin University Magazine for February.
Dublin, Curry and Co.

IRELAND almost rivals Scotland in periodical literature. *The Dublin* certainly ranks next to *Blackwood*. It is always good, often excellent. The present number is a rich one, both in variety and ability. The record of the "Tales of the Trains," which we noticed last month, is well told. We have two papers containing translations from the German; to wit, "Mahomet's Song," from Goethe, and another handful from those sweet "Stray Leaflets from the German Oak." Elaborate reviews of the best recent publications, tales, essays, and poetry, complete the list. We present to our readers one of the "Leaflets from the German Oak." It is very clever and amusing:—

WHERE'S MY MONEY?
BY FRANZ FREIHERR GAUDY.

Ay! where's my money? That's a puzzling query.
It vanishes. Yet neither in my purse
Nor pocket are there any holes. 'Tis very
Incomprehensible. I don't disburse
For superfluities. I wear plain clothes.

I seldom buy jam tarts, preserves, or honey;
And no one overlooks what debts he owes
More steadily than I. Where is my money?

I never tittle. Folks don't see me staggering,
Sans cane and castor, in the public street.
I sport no ornaments—not even a *baguette* (ring).

I have a notion that my own two feet
Are much superior to a horse's four,
So never call a jarvey. It is funny.

The longer I investigate, the more
Astoundedly I ask, *Where is my money?*

My money, mind you. Other people's dollars
Cohere together nobly. Only mine
Cut one another. There's that pink of scholars
Von Doppeldronk, he spends as much on wine

As I on—every thing. Yet *he* seems rich,
He laughs, and waxes plumper than a tunny,
While I grow slim as a divining-switch,
And search for gold as vainly. *Where's my money?*

I can't complain that editors don't pay me;
I get for every sheet One Pound Sixteen;
And well I may! My articles are flamy
Enough to blow up any Magazine.

What's queerest in the affair though is, that at
The same time I miss nothing but the one. He
That watches me will find I don't lose hat,
Gloves, fogle, stick, or cloak. 'Tis always money.

Were I a rake I'd say so. Where one roysters
Beyond the rules, of course his cash must go.
'Tis true I regularly sup on oysters,
Cheese, brandy, and all that. But even so?

What signifies a duet of a night?
"The barnaids," you may fancy. No. The sunny
Loadstar that draws my tin is not the light
From their eyes anyhow. *Where then's my money?*

However, *à propos* of eyes and maidens,
I own I do make presents to the Sex—
Books, watches, trinkets, music too (not Haydn's),
Combs, shawls, veils, bonnets—things that might perplex
A man to count. But still I gain by what
I lose in this way. 'Tis experience won—eh?

I think so. My acquaintances think *not*.
No matter. I grow tedious. *Where's my money?*

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine. No. II. for February. Punch Office.

THIS second number more than fulfils the promise of the first. The best of the papers are an Essay on the advantages that might be expected to result from the cultivation of the taste for music among the million, and a generous, right-principled, truth-telling rhapsody entitled the "Novelist and the Milliner."

Parker's London Magazine, for February. Parker.

THE contents of this number are interesting, but the editor should throw in a little more of lighter material if he would win the ear of a busy public, which reads as a *relief* from thought and care. But the sentiments everywhere inculcated in this magazine are excellent, and smack of YOUNG ENGLAND, so that we should almost be inclined to claim it as belonging to us. In proof, here is a spirited

NATIONAL BALLAD.—YOUNG ENGLAND.

God speed thee! in thy good intent, 'Young England' bold and free!
The yearnings of ten thousand hearts in Britain beat for thee!
All true men gather round thee, thy energies increase,
Thy name no Party war-cry, thy banners float in peace:
'The best men of all parties' in Faction's struggle pause,
And rally round 'Young England,' in Good Old England's cause.
God speed thee! in thy good intent, 'Young England' bold and free!
The yearnings of ten thousand hearts in Britain beat for thee!

The Demon, Faction, spurns thee, but trembles yet the while,—
His smile would speak derision—there's terror in that smile;
He knows, though unconfessing, 'The People,' long his prey,
'Young England,' by thy chivalry, will now be snatched away:
Whig, Tory, Chartist, Radical, claim England for their own,
But, lance in rest, 'Young England' cries, 'Let Faction be o'erthrown!'
God speed thee! in thy good intent, 'Young England' bold and free!
The yearnings of ten thousand hearts in Britain beat for thee.

Oh! what has faction ever done for England's poor, oppressed?
Amid the ceaseless party cry, 'Lo! I can rule them best.'
Bread cheap, trade prospering in a land where vital vigour flags,
The Rich man adding to his wealth, the Poor man to his rags!
Ah! who of human frame would say the heart and head are sound
When the limbs that once were sturdy, waste, and trail upon the ground?
God speed thee! in thy good intent, 'Young England' bold and free!
The yearnings of ten thousand hearts in Britain beat for thee.

God speed thee! in thy good intent, the Poor man to upraise,
And give him work, and home, and hope, and love of honest praise;
Thus, hand in hand, together shall the Poor and Rich man go
As children of one common soil who well their birthright know;
Let Rich and Noble act a part which all men must call 'Great,'
And fairly win the honour due from men of low estate.
God speed thee! in thy good intent, 'Young England' bold and free!
The yearnings of ten thousand hearts in Britain beat for thee.

God speed thee! in thy good intent, conservative of all
The recklessness of Faction had prepared for deadly fall;
Hold fast the Throne, hold fast the state, and by the Altar stand—
The Altar in its purity that guards our native land—
Fling back the taunt that thou wouldst bring a Romish priesthood home!
Thy Faith the Cross of Calvary! and not the Cross at Rome!
God speed thee! in thy good intent, 'Young England' bold and free!
The yearnings of ten thousand hearts in Britain beat for thee.—R. J.

The Polytechnic Review, and Magazine of Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts, for February. Mortimer.

THE readers of THE CRITIC are already well acquainted with the peculiar merits of this periodical, devoted to science. The new number will, at least, maintain its reputation. Foremost in interest is a letter on Mesmerism by an author of some repute, which we have noticed in the *Journal of Mesmerism*. Other papers of worth are on the "Protection of Dresses against Fire;" a "History of Weaving;" Dr. SCHOFFERN on "Projectile Weapons of War," &c. The scientific intelligence is collected with great diligence.

The Novel Times. Part II. for February.

THIS part continues the novel entitled *Things Old and New*, by the Author of *The Subaltern*, and the translation of the Countess HAHN-HAHN's *Letters from the Orient*. It is a cheap and well-conducted work.

George Cruikshank's Table Book. Edited by G. A. A BECKETT, for February.

THE engraving is a clever and humorous hit at Mesmerism, in CRUIKSHANK's best manner. But the literature is of inferior merit, save the poem called "Guy Griescham's Wanderings," by the Editor, which deserves to be in better company.

Fanny, the little Milliner, by CHARLES ROWCROFT.
No. III.

WHEN this is completed criticism will be practicable—not before.

The Church and the People, a Series of Tracts and Stories.
No. II. HENRY HOWARD. London, Simpkin and Co.
CONTRIVERSY under cover of a narrative; dogmas endeavoured to be infused by implication,—the most odious and the most useless of all forms of fighting. The *odium theologicum* pours forth its bile in every page of this disgusting publication.

The Sporting Magazine for February. Pittman.
THE *Old Sporting Magazine* has, we believe, merged in this, which fully maintains the reputation of its progenitor. The list of contents must kindle the appetite of any sportsman. What zest in a "Diary of Sport with her Majesty's Hounds!" With what curiosity will be read Harry Hiover's "Hints on Horsesalers!" Whose heart will not leap at the picture, drawn by no palsied hand, of "Roe-deer Hunting in Dorset." One could weep with Hawthorn's "Farewell to the Mountains in 1844." And how will the true sportsman gloat over the pages of news gathered from all the journals of the empire, and from original sources. When to these attractions we add two engravings, one of "My Pack," after BATEMAN, full of life and spirit, and the other a Map of the Places of Meeting of the Royal Hunt, we have said enough to make the reader who shoots, hunts, rides, or races, desire to possess the *Sporting Magazine*.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine, for February,
CONTAINS a mass of interesting intelligence relating to our colonies. The prize essay on sugar-making will be useful at this time, when the West Indies are to be exposed to the competition of the world.

RELIGION.

Outlines of Man's True Interest By the Rev. T. CHARLES BOONE. 8vo. London, 1844. William Pickering.

IN an age when worldly-mindedness, and disregard to the spiritual condition of the soul, obtain, perhaps, more widely than at any antecedent period of our history—at a time when pleasure-seeking absorbs the affluent, a thirst for money maddens the business-driving masses, and sensuality, even amidst their poverty, brutalizes the lower orders of the community, something more is necessary to correct evil and restore a healthy tone to morals, than is at present within reach of the pulpit, or the directly personal exertions of good men to accomplish.

Above all other requisites, a sound, judicious, and liberal education, especially for the poor, who most require it, is anxiously to be provided; and as part of this, not indeed for mere children, but for youth and early manhood, we desire to see circulated a profusion of good books, which shall not be open to the fatal objection so often urged against religious writings, namely, that they are supremely dull; but works that shall entertain while they instruct, please whilst they improve. There is a time when all who can must read, for ennui, sickness, or the accident of locality compels it; then, if books such as these be abundant, is their value proven. The counsel of the preacher has departed from the ear, and perhaps perished in the heart; the benefit silently derived from personal contact with the virtuous is no longer present; yet in the solitude bursts forth a voice which in cheerful winning accents tells how pleasant are the paths of virtue, how entertaining the lessons of wisdom, and how easy a thing it is to be happy.

Of this nature, though addressing itself to more cultivated understandings than those of the humbler classes, is the work before us. Its aim is to awaken men from the spiritual lethargy into which they have fallen; to impress them with a profound sense of their own fatuity, and to teach them that were it on no higher grounds than that of their comfort and enjoyment in this world, their interest lies in the strict observance of the moral law, since the gratification of vicious inclinations, though perhaps slowly, in the end infallibly entails anxieties, disquietude, and sufferings on all who so indulge—a lesson as important as it is true; and, lastly, to excite aspirations after a purer intellectual existence; and to lead on the prepared spirit to the Elysian home it has deserved and won.

In furtherance of his views, the author has arranged his book according to the following subdivisions:—"The Man devoid of Principle;" "The Miser;" "The Spendthrift;" "The generous Economist;" "Doing to others what we

would they should do unto us;" "On the Government of the Temper;" "The Student;" "The one bright and cheering Prospect." Each of these is copiously enriched with valuable notes extracted from some author of worth, and has an appendix, and a series of questions upon the subjects severally treated. The text itself is remarkable for its clearness and force more than for the skill with which the materials have been arranged. A vast extent of reading, a fair judgment in selection, and frequently the happiest talent at illustration, have been brought to bear upon his subject by the author. It matters not whence the source, whatsoever seemed to him good he has prudently adopted; thus we have divines and philosophers, statesmen, dramatists, and novelists, ISAIAH and EPICETUS, CICERO and Sir THOMAS MORE, MASSINGER and BULWER, in friendly company, all saying something worthy of memory and of repetition.

To follow out the arguments of the author is here impracticable; we must, therefore, content ourselves by remarking, that his earnestness and zeal are everywhere conspicuous, his manner persuasive, and his reasoning clear. The following extract, which is all we can afford, will convey a fair idea of this book:—

Reader, inquire of your own breast, what fruit is reaped generally by those who condemn the influence of moral law!

Commence by pursuing the consequences of a few of the most vulgar crimes. What does the adulterer gain by renouncing all domestic comfort? by turning the love which was once bestowed upon him by the wife of his bosom, into hatred and resentment? by teaching her to inflict the like injury upon him, as he has inflicted upon her?

Do the revengeful, the malicious, and the cruel find either security or final satisfaction to themselves in making war upon their own species, and heaping injury upon injury; provoking the oppressed to turn round in their indignation, and declare and maintain perpetual warfare?

Does the intemperate man find health in the debauch, and lasting joy in the cup? Does the gambler eventually win aught but anxiety, wretchedness, poverty, disgrace? Does the miser or the spendthrift, do the crafty or the careless, the overreaching or the improvident, add to their individual or the general stock of happiness?

And here, reader, we call upon you to consider how many precepts Christ has left behind him for the melioration of our present condition. Do you act up to these precepts? if not, would you not be much happier if you did? Are you alive to the awful and affecting truth, that more than half the interest of human life arises out of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures?

You are probably familiar with many instances where one powerful individual, as e. g. a vicious and ambitious prince, has scattered the seeds of misery far and wide; but do you contemplate the amount of misery which but one individual, in whatever sphere or grade of life, may create?

Do you contemplate the amount of misery which you yourself may either cause or prevent?

Do you contemplate how you individually may diminish the aggregate of crime, and increase that of happiness, by superintending or contributing to the instruction of others, enlightening and humanizing even those bred up in the grossest ignorance?

Do you aid in bearing the lamp of sacred truth into all the dark recesses to which you may gain access?

In every undertaking upon which you set out, are you diligent in searching for the print of Christ's foot?

Do you keep an eye on the condition of those whose only inheritance was disease and sorrow?

Do you consider that every act you do for the glory of God and welfare of mankind, must, according to his dispensation, redound to your own blessing?

Do you behold with abhorrence the numerous instances in which the powerful, the overreaching, and the vindictive, oppress and wrong those who are unable to defend themselves?

We call upon you to consult your conscience, "the lamp of God in the soul of man;" we call upon you to look diligently into your life, and inquire of yourself if, at this moment, you are a blessing or a curse, a benefactor or a scourge, in your generation.

We prompt you to ask yourself whether you may not become instrumental in diminishing the number of executions, banishments, imprisonments, and various punishments of your fellow-creatures, born and yet unborn, who may not enjoy the like advantages of birth, education, and property with yourself; to consider how much inward joy and satisfaction the very attempt of accomplishing this will bring with it; how the recollection of such an end and aim in life will gild every fleeting moment, and will, in one sense, place you beyond the reach of sorrow, or regret, or bitter reflection.

We call upon you to consider whether you may not even become an instrument in the hand of God for preparing men for that happy time when the strong shall cease to whet his sword against the weak: when the triumphal war-song following the murder of thousands of unoffending beings, shall cease to be heard; when in the beautiful words of Scripture, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." Isaiah xi. 6.

We summon you to try yourself in the *court of your own conscience*, and ascertain if it will acquit you of every charge of neglecting opportunities of doing good to yourself and those around you.

While we rejoice in the knowledge that the joyful sound of Christianity has already reached so many a desolate spot, and the balm thereof has been infused into many a broken heart, we grieve to think, into how many regions the sound has not yet entered, how many hearts its spirit has not yet penetrated.

We call upon you, therefore, O reader, to impress this all-important truth on your mind, and to adopt it as a leading principle of your life and actions, that there is no abyss of vice, infamy, or wretchedness so deep, dark, foul, but that the rays of the gospel and heavenly peace can penetrate, illumine, purify, sanctify it; nay, not only dispel its gloom and corruption, but convert the thick darkness into marvellous light.

We have now filled the space available to our present purpose in this number, and conclude a less copious and complete notice of this useful work than under other circumstances we should have given. Profoundly impressed with a conviction that the wider this book is circulated the greater the benefit to the individual and eventually to society, we bid *farewell* to it in a literal, not conventional sense, heartily recommending it to the attention of every reader of *THE CRITIC*.

Elementa Liturgica; or the Churchman's Primer for the Scholastic Study of the Book of Common Prayer. By G. A. WALKER, A.M. of Christ College, Cambridge. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

THE purpose of this little treatise is to teach the laity the history and meaning of the Book of Common Prayer. The object is effected in a series of chapters, which give an account of the Prayer Book, the changes that have been made in it, the arguments in favour of set forms of prayer, the title, preface, choice of lessons, the introductory Rubric, the services, the collects, epistles and gospels, the Communion Office, Baptism, the Ordination Service, &c. The information appears to be accurate, and collected with diligence, and as it is such as few, even of Churchmen, possess, we can confidently recommend this little book to the perusal of those who desire to know the origin and meaning of the services in which they share every Sunday.

Mores Catholici; or Ages of Faith. Parts I. II. and III. London, Dolman.

AN elaborate, but singularly learned and eloquent defence of the middle ages. The writer, who is a Roman Catholic, is deeply imbued with the poetic spirit, and, seen through the mist of the past, objects dimly outlined take the shape and hue of his own vivid imagination, and wear a grandeur and a beauty that would have vanished on a nearer survey. He sets forth in composition which it is impossible to read without being charmed, so pure are the sentiments, so poetical the images, so sweet the language, so choice and various the quotations with which every page is sprinkled, the virtues of the middle ages (and virtues they could boast), but he omits to tell us of their barbarities and immoralities. He is an able advocate, but no philosopher. Nevertheless, it is always pleasant to hear both sides, and especially when he who pleads against our own opinion does so in a fair and kindly spirit, with the learning of a scholar, and the fresh vigour of a man of genius. And such is the writer of the *Ages of Faith*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Literary Extracts from English and other Works; collected during half a century; together with some original matter. By JOHN POYNDE, Esq. In 2 vols. London, Hatchard and Son.

A work of enormous labour. The reading of half a century has furnished the selections contained in these two portly

volumes; reading of a discursive nature, not confined to the books that are esteemed the classics of our literature, and therefore found in every library, but extended to the productions of authors whose names are better known than their books, and in whose writings, amid much of dross, is enshrined some pure gold, which Mr. POYNDE has with good taste extracted and presented to his countrymen in a form fitted for use and for instruction.

Nor are these selections limited to our own language; they extend also to the classics and to the French authors.

The complaint hitherto preferred against all similar collections has been their impracticability, consequent upon the miscellaneous character of the assemblage. Among a thousand extracts it was impossible to find that which was wanted; to commit them to memory was manifestly out of the question, and nobody dreams of reading right through an aggregation of unconnected scraps of wisdom or wit.

Mr. POYNDE has anticipated this objection, and avoided it by the laborious but useful classification of his stores in alphabetical form, so that the student may find in a moment whatever has been best written on any desired theme. The variety of comments on the same subject, as thus seen in conjunction, are extremely curious; and when, as often happens, we have what wit has lavished upon it, what wisdom has preached, what poets have sung, most interesting conclusions in psychology are to be deduced, and the mind can scarcely fail to enlarge its views of things from the variety of thought and opinion which it will glean from these pages. Mr. POYNDE is entitled to the thanks of his countrymen for this contribution of half a century's reading to the library of reference, which will not be complete without his volumes. They are a condensation of the contents of many shelves; they will save to the student a world of labour, and they are, in fact, an index to literature. Besides these uses they afford pleasant reading for those spare moments which a wise man will not waste when he has not leisure for a formal setting to a continuous task.

We take a few of the extracts at random, just to exhibit the manner of the work.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon: I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."—*Miss Hawkins's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 82.

AMBITION.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture, with creeping.—*Swift. —Thoughts on various Subjects.*

BON MOT OF KING GEORGE II.

In the Rebellion of 1745, Mr. Thornton, a Yorkshire gentleman, raised, at his own expense, a troop of horse; and though but newly married to a beautiful young woman, headed it himself, and joined the king's army. After the king's success at Culloden, he went to court with his lady; where, being seen by the king, who had noticed Mrs. Thornton, he was thus accosted by the monarch: "Mr. Thornton, I have been told of the services you have rendered to your country, and your attachment to me and my family, and have held myself greatly obliged to you for both; but I was never able to estimate the extent of my obligations till now that I see the lady whom you left behind you."—*Sir John Hawkins's Life of Dr. Johnson*, p. 460.

A BUMPER.

When Popery had sway in England, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass after dinner: "au bon père;" whence the word *bumper*.—*Dr. Cocchi.—Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 104.

ANECDOTE OF DUNNING.

On Mr. Dunning, the celebrated lawyer, being asked how he contrived to get through all his business, he replied, "I divide my business into three parts: the first part I do myself; the second part I get done for me; and the third is never done at all."—*Communicated by Sir Edward Strachey, Bart.*

CALLING OUT.

When Sir John Elliott, the physician, was dining with Dr. Armstrong, Sir John was, very early in the repast, called out. Armstrong, on losing the quiet enjoyment of his friend's com-

pany, muttered out roughly, "I did not think you would have sent for yourself so soon."—*Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes*, p. 146.

CALMNESS IN COMMOTION.

Robert Hall said of John Wesley, "The most extraordinary thing about him was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic: he was the quiescence of turbulence."—*Miscellaneous*.

CHARACTER OF A CHILD.

A child is a man in a small letter, and yet the best copy of his first parent before he tasted of the sinful apple: and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write in this character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn, which length of time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white page, unscribbled with the observation of the world, whereof it becomes at length a blurred note-book. He is simply good, because he knows not evil, and hath not made means, by sin, to be acquainted with misery. He has not yet arrived at the mischief of being wise; nor does he endure evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all; and when the smart of the rod is past, he smiles at its bearer. Nature and his parents alike dandle and train him, with sugar at first, to a draught of wormwood. He plays, as yet, like a young apprentice on the first day; and is not yet come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when it can only talk nonsense. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his games are our realities; and his drums, rattle, and hobby-horse but the emblems and imitations of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God. He is the Christian's pattern, and the old man's fate: the one, by great exertion, imitates his pureness; and the other, against his will, follows his simplicity. Could he but put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.—*Manuscript of Edward Blunt*. [1627.]

CHARITY.

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. I hope you will prove, by your present contribution, that you no longer labour under the same mistake."—*Miscellaneous*.

THE MANIA OF COLLECTING.

In the first impression of Hogarth's "March to Finchley," dedicated to the King of Prussia, one letter in his Majesty's name was accidentally omitted, a copy of which sells for ten times the sum of one that has "Prussia" with two s's! The late Queen (Charlotte) had one of them at Frogmore.

Thus "The Vinegar Bible," or the folio copy, which, in the headings of the pages, reads "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Vineyard," is another literary curiosity. The late Duke of Sussex possessed a copy of this, as of every other that is rare and curious from more intrinsic merit. Another example is the early edition of *Littleton's Latin Dictionary* (noticed before), p. 31, where the translation of "condog," for "concurro," occurs as the blunder of a literary amanuensis.—*Ibid*.

GREAT CRIME THE GREATEST FOLLY.

Talleyrand is reported to have said, on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien by Buonaparte: "C'est plus qu'un crime; c'est une faute."—*Bulter's Reminiscences*, Vol. ii. p. 161. Fourth Edition.

LEGAL CRITICISM.

Mr. Serjeant Hill, disputing once with a young pupil who contended for the accuracy of Richardson's description of love in *Clarissa Harlowe*, the learned serjeant alleged that Richardson was any thing but an accurate man; and, in proof of his assertion, asked the young student if he had read *Clarissa's* will; and added, "You will find there is not one of the uses or trusts in it that can be supported."—*Tremain*: a Novel.

DEATH OF RELATIONS.

Simcon Ashe suggests the remarkable difference displayed by David in the case of his *infant's* death, and of *Absalom's*, to have arisen from his certainty of the child's salvation, and his doubt of *Absalom's*.—*Funeral Sermon for Dr. Spurtowe's Son*, 1654.

VULGAR ELOQUENCE.

An example of popular eloquence, calculated to produce a great effect, however familiar in itself, occurred to a preacher among the Methodists having said, in order to exhibit the contrast between time and eternity,—"Suppose a departed sinner had been ten thousand years in punishment, and that, upon hearing a bell toll, he should inquire, 'What is that o'clock?'—the answer could only be—Eternity!"—*Communicated by the late Chamberlain, Richard Clark, esq.*

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Cano, the celebrated sculptor, refused the offices of a priest when dying, because, he said, that the crucifix which he brought was so bunglingly executed.—*Chalmers—Biographical Dictionary*.

ON AN EGG (LATINIZED).

Humpty Dumpty sat upon a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the King's horses, nor all the Queen's men,
Could put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Humptius in muro cecidit Dumptius alto;
Humptius e muro Dumptius heu cecidit;
At non Regis equi, et Regine exercitus omnis,
Humpti te Dumpti, restituere loco.

H. Drury, jun.

An Act for regulating the Construction and the Use of Buildings in the Metropolis and its Neighbourhood, 7 & 8 Vict. c. 84, with a *Cyclopædia*, &c. By A. BARTHOLOMEW, Esq. F.S.A., Architect. London, 2, York-street.

This is an edition of the Building Act, with a copious Index, neatly printed, and bound in the form of a pocket-book, a most convenient shape for those who have frequent occasion to consult the provisions of the statute.

The Ayrshire Wreath for 1845. M'Kie, Kilmarnock.

This annual comes to us from the provinces, and it is a gratifying proof of what may be done by an enterprising bookseller and a literary coterie even in a country town. Not only have we here a volume of prose and poetry possessing considerable merit, but it is tastefully, nay, elegantly printed and got up, and the list of subscribers numbers no less than 1,500. The editor has sagaciously sought to make the work as local as possible, well knowing that thus only can a provincial publication hope to find readers; indeed, in his preface he states, that it is the design of the *Wreath* to illustrate "the manners, traditions, and legends of Ayrshire; thus adding another chapter to the knowledge of human nature." We like such books as these, not so much for their intrinsic interest to us, who are strangers to their birth-place, but as they indicate the spread of wholesome mind-culture in districts where we are not wont to look for it.

A Statistical Summary of all the Nations and States comprised in Europe, with Historical Notices; compiled from the latest Returns and most authentic Sources. By G. C. PEMBERTON, Esq. London, Grant and Griffith.

A USEFUL sheet of references for suspension in the library and the school-room. It is a work of great labour and diligence. Dividing the European States into four classes, it states the form of government in each, the capital, area, population, revenue, public debt, standing army, and religion, and the last column is devoted to very brief historical notices, containing the principal events, with their dates.

GLANCES AT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

At this season of the year it is rarely that we have any thing of great interest or importance to refer to; foreign literature, like our own, not having yet recovered from the winter stagnation. In another month things will wear a different aspect, meanwhile we must content ourselves with such news as the journals can afford us. A fact which has excited much comment and animadversion, especially in the north of Germany, is FREILIGRATH's resignation of the pension some years since granted him by the King of Prussia. This has been heralded by the publication of his *Confession of Faith*, in which he gives vent to freer exposition of his opinions than the government approved, for it has since been prohibited, a course of prevention which, like all others originating in force alone, has, of course, the effect of making the book much more sought after than it otherwise would have been. Whether FREILIGRATH is following the bent of his genius more in penning political discussions than in devoting himself to the poetry by which he gained the favour of his whole country, is a question on which there may be differences of opinion, but to a large audience rhymed politics must ever be very uninteresting.

Perhaps no city in Germany offers fairer exercise for the press police than Leipzig. As a general rule, it is only the prohibitions of important, or, at the time, exciting works which become known to the public at large; but an immense number of smaller productions rise for a moment, and then, disappearing from the world of books, are heard of no more, and it is in this branch of literature that the census evidences its wonderful activity. Leipzig is the centre where all the book trade of Germany is sure to make its appearance in its journey either to or from the far ends and corners of the continent, and here the police has, by long practice, acquired such an acute scent, such a correct presentiment of what is coming in every direction, that a work often appears at Zurich, is condemned in the distance, and the instant of its arrival hailed with a prohibition.

The third and fourth volumes of HOLTEI's *Memoirs* have been issued, and a fifth is announced, which some think will be carrying them too far, but all agree that as yet few books can be more entertaining: there is hardly a character of note whom we do not see, though perhaps but for a moment. We have GOETHE, BENJAMIN CONSTANT, LAFAYETTE, HUMBOLDT, and a hundred others, all living before us; but some complain that the author has not been quite as guarded in many of his anecdotes as he might have been: this is a defect which will certainly not injure the popularity of his book. HOLTEI is at present manager of the Breslau theatre; he has written several dramas, but not of sufficient merit to be styled successful. Professor HAGEN, author of some other works upon art, has published a very interesting little book, containing a biographical sketch of CORNELIUS, the artist, together with an examination of his powers, and the objects to which he has devoted them, namely, his works in Dusseldorf, Munich, Berlin, and Rome; but the *Kunst Blatt* observes, to be an impartial estimate of his talents it should have referred to the demerits of his paintings in the Ludwig church and the Glyptothek. At the present moment, when art is attracting such universal attention, especially as connected with Berlin and Munich, this small volume cannot fail to attract much attention and interest. Another publication likewise attractive among certain classes, but in a different point of view, is a volume of sermons, from the pen of Dr. STRAUSS, preceded by a singular address to the King of Prussia, before whom the discourses were formerly delivered. Dr. STRAUSS is the representative of a certain (so-called) religious party in the kingdom, and in this light must call attention to himself; but beyond his immediate admirers, we question if many would be willing to examine his writings. In mentioning HAGEN's little work, we should have named *The Dresden Gallery*, illustrated by JULIUS MOSEN; a pocket volume from the hand of the well-known poet. It is said to possess great artistic merit and fine poetical feeling, and to be an invaluable companion to every visitor of that celebrated collection. RUCKERT has been busying himself in his favourite lore, the Oriental languages, and has published a translation from the Arabic, *Amarikah, the Poet King, his Life, as illustrated in his Songs*; we have seen no opinions upon it. New editions of his former translations, &c. are announced; likewise of those of AUGUST, Count von PLATEN. A translation from the Swedish of TEGNER, by AMALIE HEDWIG, is said to be admirably done. The Germans are indefatigable in translations. Among others, *Borrow's Bible in Spain* met with as much enthusiasm in its foreign dress as it did among us here. THORWALDSEN has been the subject of many a lay within the last few months. One by G. GARD, *A Death Garland*, is one of the best that have either been sung or written since the sculptor's death. It begins by reminding us of his descent from the ancient kings of Denmark; then traces the progress of art from Greece to the north, and terminates with a prolonged eulogy of his "Christ and Apostles." It is graceful, and in some parts even more. Another edition of the Greek Songs of W. MÜLLER is published, written during the Greek struggle for freedom; but of sufficient beauty to insure pleasure to the reader when the immediate cause of interest has passed away. The industrious THEINER, always deeply immersed in old papers and rusty documents, has published an account of the presentation of the Heidelberg library by the Emperor MAXIMILIAN to Pope GREGORY XV. and its journey to Rome. He endeavours to defend the injustice of the act, by reminding us of the fact,

that, had it remained in Heidelberg, nothing could have saved its being burnt down in the destruction of the castle in 1693; but the chances of fortune in no way excuse the want of a proper sense of *meum and tuum*. This library was placed in the Vatican until it was transported to Paris among other trophies of French victory in Italy; from which, in 1815, it once more returned to the rightful owners. The work consists chiefly of original documents. *Sketches of the War between the years 1806 and 1816*, by a Campaigner, are said to be rather brilliantly written, containing lively pictures and interesting anecdotes of an interesting period. In fiction there is always an abundance of new matter, but not always an abundance worthy of remark. A work of JEREMIAS GOTTHELF, author of *Tales, &c. of Switzerland*, is said to be very admirable. The title is *How Anna Babi Jowager kept house, and how he got on with the Doctors*.—As this heading alone would indicate, it is much in the domestic strain of his former novels, but by some pronounced much better; it contains few characters, and, if possible, still fewer incidents, but all described in such perfection of truth and nature, as to form one of the most beautifully written tales in the language. There are two volumes, and as yet it has no positive termination, but remaining as is, it wants nothing, and sometimes additions are any thing but improvements. The same writer has also published lately two more volumes of Swiss tales; some of them are historical, and evidently not so congenial to his powers as the style above referred to. In one, "The Last of the Thorbergers," he paints the gradual extinction of a noble family, in consequence of a curse passed upon it; but in this tragic history more gloomy power is required than he has brought to its aid. *Novels and Tales*, of A. von STERNBERG. Some are good, in particular that entitled "The Brothers Breughel," the Dutch artists, in connection with whom RUBENS and other celebrated characters are introduced. They are clever in parts, but not on the whole strikingly good. HAUFF is publishing a collection of papers, which he styles *Sketches of Life and Nature*: consisting of tales, papers, &c. which have formerly appeared in the *Morgen Blatt* (of which he is the editor), and other journals.

Mährchen of all Nations, collected by Dr. KLETTE, is said to be a most delightful work, but we have seen no analysis of its contents. *Oerwarodd, the Hero Child*, is one of OCHLENSCHLAGER's versions of the northern sagas. The hero is a young blue-eyed Norwegian, gifted with every virtue of romance, and in especial with an invulnerable shirt, presented to him by a friendly elfin, who at the same time prophesied that he would live 100 years, and then die by his horse's shoe. This last circumstance makes very little impression upon him, remembering that horses do not live so long, and indeed the horse dies long before him. He performs all Viking marvels on the northern seas, and seeks for the hand of Herwör, daughter of the celebrated Angantyr, who when dead was buried with his marvellous sword, Tyrfing. According to the Saga, Herwör orrings the sword to light again, by the magic of a certain song, and afterwards uses it to the accomplishment of great deeds. Herwör will not marry, but fights, and in a contest with Oerwarodd, in despair at his invulnerability, turns the enchanted sword against herself, and dies. Oerwarodd marries another, has many children, becomes a prophet, and at the end of a hundred years feels an earnest longing for his fatherland come over him. He returns to his Norwegian valley, and striking on something hard which projects from the earth, he falls dead on the ground. It was the shoe of his long-buried horse.

In travels we have another series of *Letters from Rome and Italy*; they are said to be interesting, containing vivid pictures of society and manners, together with detailed accounts of every building of artistic merit in the imperial city; there is likewise an addition of short historical notices, without which it seems no traveller imagines he has done his duty to himself or his subject; not considering that unless given as mere allusions, they degenerate into the tedious, are very often extremely superficial, and sometimes intimate a want of matter in the author, which he thinks must be supplied from other sources. Russia is now the object of much attention, therefore any book connected with it is instantly certain of a large share of readers. WILLIAM MÜLLER, author of romances, &c. and which, in point of horrors, surpass all that the French school has ever produced, has published his *Russia and the*

Russians. In it he gives rather less vent to his love of the marvellous than those who have read his former works would expect, nevertheless there is, according to the *Literatur Blatt*, more than enough to please; but when Russia is the subject, every one is prepared for the horrible and disgusting. He gives us "pictures from the past and present history of Russia;" then fearful accounts of the intense cold, and among other amusing observations, an account of the popular taste in painting, as illustrated over the doorway of a cabaret. We extract from the same journal:

There hung portraits of Alexander and Nicholas, and beneath them illustrations of the four quarters of the globe, the artist being probably unconscious of a fifth. Europe was represented by a Russian warrior, while the dwarfy forms of other European nations are modestly grouped around: the German sleeps comfortably, with his cap pulled over his eyes; the Frenchman has half a dozen monkeys dancing before him; and the Englishman is strutting up and down a stranded ship. Asia—again we must pardon the painter's vanity—is seen in another Russian, who is chasing Turks, Persians, Kirgis and all, before him. We discover Africa in a Moor; and, to denote the heat of this part of the world, a huge stove is placed near him, spouting great flames, and so forth.

Here and there we have historical remarks on the chief towns, and what is more interesting, accounts of Russian superstition, some of which may be interesting to our readers.

The Koschtschie, or the Deathless, is a horrid monster, with a death's head and fleshless skeleton, through which one sees the black blood flowing and the yellow heart beating; he is avaricious, thirsty for gold, a hater alike of old age and extreme youth, and is an unceasing enemy to the fortunate. Notwithstanding his extreme ugliness, he is a great admirer of young girls and women; he lives in the heights of the Kaskel, and in the hollows of the Caucasus, where, deep in the bowels of the earth, he conceals his countless treasures; for all riches, consisting of gold, silver, or precious stones, are his alone. His weapon is an iron club, with which he strikes down all the earthborn who cross his path. It is supposed by some that he typifies Death to the people, though there are tales current concerning him, in which he is overcome and killed by superior powers. The Russalkhan, or elves and nymphs, form a strong contrast to this form of horror, and in some respects remind us of the Persian Peris. They are said to be very beautiful; those who once gaze upon them have afterwards neither eye nor feeling for human loveliness; those who have once heard the enchantments of their magic song, have henceforth neither heart nor ear for sounds which move the breasts of ordinary men. Woe be to him who at certain seasons wanders through the forests, and has not strength to be deaf and senseless to their bewitching voice! if once his step falters—if once his eye turns aside, he is lost, utterly lost. In the moment that he is rapt in contemplation of their loveliness, they change into hideous forms, with lame and stunted limbs; and the astonished wanderer is crippled with them at the same instant, and is never more master of his limbs.

The Russians believe, likewise, that wandering lights, our will o' the wisp, are the souls of still-born children. They desire not to lure the traveller astray in moors and marshes; but the restless little beings, belonging neither to heaven nor earth, may not rest till they have found their bodies.

Their notions of the deluge, and the future destruction of the world, are in this fashion:—Four great whales support the earth. Ages since, one of the whales died, and caused thereby a fearful disturbance in the earth, and a flood of all the waters and seas, so that the highest mountain-tops were covered. The same will happen again when another whale dies; and when all are gone, the earth will fall to pieces and disappear, and the end of all things will be at that time.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN NEWS.—(From our Correspondent.)—Munich has lately been the resort of many celebrated characters. Oehlenschläger spent some time there, and Gutzkow, who read some acts of his *Pugatschew* with great applause to a large circle of admirers, and remained in the city to witness the representation of his *Werner*. His new tragedy has been submitted, and is awaited with much curiosity. Zschokke, Dingelstedt, Holbein, Deinhardstein, Gustav Schaub, and others, may be named as having been attracted by the artistic fame of Munich. Besides the treasures of the Pinatothek and the Glyptothek, there is much to be examined in the new churches, and the building destined for exhibitions of art and industry. Sligmaier's death has left his nephew, F. Müller,

at the head of the Bronze Department in the city. The colossal statue of Bavaria is still in progress. The head, which has been cast, and succeeded admirably, will be recognized by connoisseurs as a masterpiece of this kind of art; in spite of its huge dimensions (the figure measures fifty-four feet in height, and will be placed upon a pedestal thirty feet high), it yet preserves all due softness and beauty of expression. Not only in an artistic, but in an antiquarian point of view, Munich offers much for examination. We may refer to the Roman antiquities purchased by the King and brought from Salzburg, where for years they had been almost buried, which are now awaiting the completion of the Pinatothek, to be arranged therein; one gallery will contain Chinese curiosities, paintings, &c. to be arranged by Neuman; another, curiosities from Japan, New Zealand, &c. which are open to the public twice a week. At the Art-Union was a picture by Moritz von Schwind, representing the Saga of the Ritter von Falkenstein, who, with the aid of the mountain spirits, constructed, over an insurmountable rock, a pathway to the castle of his mistress, and by this means gained the consent of her father to their marriage. This lovely picture is now in the possession of Count Visgarte in Stuttgart. In the workshop of Schwandthaler is the bust of the well-known brewer Pachorr, destined by his heirs to stand in the hall of his extensive brewery. Schöninger, Freymann, and Grosseau, are here engaged in prosecuting their experiments in galvanography. A copy of Raphael's St. Catherine from their hands bears testimony to the merits of this new art in a surprising degree. Ernst Conrad has completed a large bas-relief, representing the young Hercules strangling the serpents. The parents, the royal guest, and the blind soothsayer, form a beautiful group round the centre object. He also has executed a bust (colossal) of the poet Rückert.

LEIPZIG.—The Historical and Theological Society held their meeting here lately in honour of their thirty years' institution. The members now amount to 420. At the meeting several discourses were delivered; one, from Dr. Speiker, of Frankfurt, on "Melancthon before the Diet at Augsburg, 1530." It contained less of interest than might have been expected from the heading, being in fact but a reference to letters, &c. from the pen of the great reformer. Schumann, from Annaberg, spoke upon the Church Constitution of Sweden; Dr. Ehlebus, from Berlin, on Puseyism, on the whole, furnishing a number of interesting subjects. This society publishes a journal, *Zeitschrift für die Historische Theologie*, under the superintendence of Dr. Ilgen. This town and university have experienced a severe loss in the departure of Dr. Carus; previously, however, the students honoured him, in their national style, by a solemn torch procession. Two new operas have appeared here by German composers: the *Schaffe von Paris*, of Dorn, who was, some years since, musical director of the theatre; and *Mara*, by Joseph Retzer, chapel-master in this town. Both were well received, and the arrangements and decorations of the latter were described as particularly splendid.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

If Thou hast lov'd as I have lov'd; a Ballad. Written and Composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London, Tregear and Co.

I think of Thee; Serenade. The Poetry by T. K. HERVEY, Esq. Music by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. Tregear and Co.

WE have had repeated occasion to notice with commendation the compositions of Mr. ALLMAN. They are characterized by some originality and by considerable taste and feeling. He improves with practice. These, his latest productions, are of a higher class than he has yet attempted; we mean, that they aim at something loftier than mere prettiness; they seek to express emotion, and the very endeavour to do this is evidence of advancement. Of the two, we prefer *I Think of Thee*, as having the most novelty in its conception, and we like it, too, because the composer has here adopted a plan which we would strenuously advise him steadily to observe in future. He has not wasted his music upon bad rhymes of some unknown verse-monger, but he has gone to our poets, and among their treasures sought words which not only serve by their beauty to inspire the composer, but give to the singer and the listener a pleasure independent of the music. How preferable to the namby-pamby stuff that offends good taste in the works even of our best composers are these lines by HERVEY, which Mr. ALLMAN has married to music.

I think of thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out with her pale sad light
To sit on the distant hill.

When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.

I hear thy low sad tone,
And thy sweet young smile I see,
My heart were all alone
But for its thoughts of thee.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

A TRANSATLANTIC MUSICAL STAR.—The interesting and handsome youth Sconcia, whose appearance alone would excite attention, possesses such extraordinary musical talent as to make him one of the wonders of the day. We believe it may be laid down as a general rule, that all great musicians have developed an early taste for their art, and their biographers have not failed to commemorate their youthful exertions. While in most of the professions of life precocity of intellect is by no means invariably an attendant of its later superiority, in music and painting it is almost always seen. Nature, before developing her gifts in those destined to surpass their fellows in the appreciation of beautiful sounds or beautiful forms, generally pre-occupies the youthful mind with its predominating tendency. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that young Sconcia, whose performance on the violin already places him in the first rank of artists, discovered an early taste for music. He was born in the city of Baltimore, and is now just commencing his teens. At the age of six months, while a baby on the knee, he was affected to tears by a composition in the minor key, and discovered strong emotions during its repetition. He was most generally soothed to slumber by the soft tones of a musical box, which his family carefully preserve. At the age of twenty months he learned, after hearing it but once or twice, the beautiful cavatina, "Dalla gioia," from *Elise e Claudio*, which Pedrotti sang with so much skill. Notwithstanding his tender age, he could repeat it without making the slightest mistake. At the age of four years he commenced amusing himself with performing *arpeggios* on a toy violin, but in consequence of ill-health was unable to pursue his favourite occupation until some years afterwards. At this time he was noticed for his gentlemanly manners and address, and for a repose of character quite remarkable in a child. At the age of eight years he spoke several languages with facility and correctness, and at the same time commenced the study of the violin. In 1834 he removed to this city, and his first master was M. La Manna, a celebrated Sicilian musician, who undertook the task of his instruction with a feeling of affectionate regard. His subsequent studies were pursued under the tuition of his father, who is a professor of music, well known and esteemed in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and this city, and he was aided by other professors, who took a deep interest in the advancement of his child, and cherished him onward in his career. To Signor Rapetti's instruction in particular he owes much of the beautiful execution and finish of style for which he is now so celebrated. When Artot, Vieuxtemps, and Ole Bull came to this country, young Sconcia was much with them, and became a diligent observer of their performances, practising carefully the music in which they were so pre-eminent. He is studious and persevering, and devotes most of his time to his violin. He first appeared in public at Washington-hall, in this city, and there surprised the audience by his wonderful power, and the elegance with which he executed the *chef d'œuvre* of De Beriot. His next appearance was at Palmo's, where he performed a solo called the fantasia "Ma Celine," composed by Hauman, a German artist of great merit. During the last summer, while on a brief tour through a part of New England, he gave several concerts, which were well attended, and were highly commended by the press. His next performance was at the Tabernacle, where, in company with a youthful performer, Miss Bramson, he took the town by storm, and was rewarded with the enthusiastic approbation of the largest audience ever assembled there. His style is marked by a bold and yet a sweet expression. His intonation is very fine, his bow is skilfully managed, he reads the most difficult music at sight, has a turn for humour as well as pathos, and, in short, he masters "the king of instruments" with surprising skill.—*New York True Sun.*

ART.

THE only feature of interest which has offered since our last was the opening of the British Institution on Monday last. We shall give in our next a more copious and a juster notice of this Exhibition than the brief while available between its opening and our going to press would permit of for this number. It will be seen by our obituary that Mr. Jost, the keeper of prints and drawings at the British Museum, is dead. We earnestly hope that ere a successor be appointed, consideration will be given to the suggestions made in our last as to fettering the hands of any single official from the purchase or rejection of works of art, and that this important trust will henceforward be solely vested in the hands of a committee.

ENGRAVINGS UPON WOOD.

We had recently placed in our hands several specimens of wood-cuts, the work of a young and comparatively unknown artist named HEAVISIDE. As it gives us at all times a joy to welcome, and a satisfaction to encourage promising talent, we seize this opportunity of bearing testimony to the superiority of the engravings submitted to us, and of expressing a confident hope to see the artist, when patronage shall have reached him, and his powers have strengthened, taking rank beside our ORRIN SMITHS, our LINTONS, and our SLYS, and contributing to sustain that pre-eminence in the art of wood-cutting which English genius above that of all other countries has achieved.

The subjects before us comprise Landscape, Church Architecture (general and particular), Natural History, figure pieces, and imaginative compositions. Of these, perhaps, the engravings of architecture are the best. There is, however, much that is meritorious in all; delicacy of handling, freedom and decision of touch are chiefly conspicuous. In some places, indeed, especially in his *foliage*, the artist has *over-worked* his block; but this is a fault which lengthened practice will surely correct. We unhesitatingly commend Mr. HEAVISIDE to the patronage of all who need carefully-executed wood-cuts, in the full conviction that he will justify by his performances the testimony we have offered in his favour.

THE BARBERINI VASE.

The celebrated Barberini vase, broken in so wanton a manner in the British Museum last week, was, for more than two centuries, the principal ornament of the Barberini Palace. It was purchased of Sir WM. HAMILTON, considerably more than 30 years ago, for 1000 guineas, by the Duchess of PORTLAND, since which period it has been generally known by the name of the Portland Vase. It was found about the middle of the 16th century, two miles and a half from Rome, in the road leading from Frascati. At the time of its discovery the vase was enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, within a sepulchral chamber, under the mount called Monte de Grano. The material of which the vase is formed is glass; the figures, which are executed in relief, are of a beautiful opaque white, and the ground is in perfect harmony with the figures, and of a dark transparent blue. The subject of these figures is extremely obscure, and has not hitherto received a satisfactory elucidation; but the design and the sculpture are both truly admirable. The following is an account of the several figures:—

In one compartment three exquisite figures are placed on a ruined column, the capital of which is fallen, and lies at their feet, among other disjointed stones; they sit under a tree on loose piles of stone. The middle figure is a female in a reclining and dying attitude, with an inverted torch, in her left hand, the elbow of which supports her as she sinks, while the right hand is raised and thrown over her drooping head. The figure on her right hand is a man, and that on the left a woman, both supporting themselves on their arms, and apparently thinking intensely. Their backs are to the dying figure, and their faces are turned to her, but without an attempt to assist her. On another compartment of the vase is a figure coming through a portal, and going down with great timidity into a darker region, where he is received by a beautiful female, who stretches forth her hand to help him; between her knees is a large and playful serpent. She sits with her feet towards an aged figure, having one foot sunk into the earth,

and the other raised on a column, with his chin resting on his hand. Above the female figure is a Cupid preceding the first figure, and beckoning him to advance. This first figure holds a cloak or garment, which he seems anxious to bring with him, but which adheres to the side of the portal through which he has passed. In this compartment there are two trees, one of which bends over the female figure, and the other over the aged one. On the bottom of the vase there is another figure on a larger scale than the one we have already mentioned, but not so well finished, nor so elevated. This figure points with its finger to its mouth. The dress appears to be curious and cumbersome, and above there is the foliage of a tree. On the head of the figure there is a Phrygian cap; it is not easy to say whether this figure is male or female. On the handles of the vase are represented two aged heads, with the ears of a quadruped, and from the middle of the forehead rises a kind of tree without leaves; these figures are in all probability ornaments, and have no connection with the rest of the figures, or the story represented on the vase.

This superb specimen of Greek art was deposited in the British Museum, in 1810, by his Grace the Duke of Portland.

GOSSIP ON ART.

(From our Correspondent.)

FOREIGN ART.—After an absence of two years, the celebrated painters Gallart and De Bieffe have again arrived at Brussels.

At Copenhagen the King of Denmark has employed the sculptor, G. Borup, to copy in terra-cotta Thorwaldsen's figures from the castle of Christianburg.

The King of the Netherlands has purchased Arg Scheffer's beautiful picture of "The Wise Men of the East."

At Oberwesel the Liebfrauenkirche has at length been completely restored. This little town has been at no small sacrifice to restore the celebrated church to its former freshness and beauty.

The 100th anniversary of Herder's birth, so commemorated by most German towns, passed totally unnoticed in Mayence, in spite of an earnest appeal which had been made to the veneration and good feeling of the towns-people. This was the more remarkable, as Mayence is generally conspicuous for its feast-loving disposition, scarcely ever suffering an opportunity to pass without making it the occasion of pageant and merry-making. But who is there who now reads or studies Herder? We have Eugene Sue, and innumerable novel writers, and the modern Hegel. Yet Herder was a great thinker, a clear writer, and one of the best of men; a man of wisdom, truth, and virtue, such as Germany owns but few, such as no country produces above once in a thousand years.—*Morgen Blatt*.

SALZBURG.—A new Art-Union has been formed here, under the protection of Cardinal, Prince of Schwazenburg, at which exhibition there were above fifty pictures of the most eminent artists of Vienna and Munich.

The Academy of Art at Munich has appointed as members the Austrian painters, Führich and Ruppelwieser, and the Belgic artists, Gallart and De Bieffe.

The exhibition of the Swiss Art-Union, which took place some time since at Zurich, was considered the best that has taken place either in Bern, Basle, or Zurich. We see the name of Paul Deschwauden as composer of several pictures on sacred subjects; he is one of Switzerland's most popular artists. Durade von Gruf is one of the few who have devoted themselves to historical painting. His picture, "The Visit of Theodore Beza and Henry IV." is highly spoken of. Straub and L. Vogel are eminent artists. Diday exhibited some beautiful landscapes, bearing evidence of the perfection of that branch of art. Calerne is his pupil, and one well worthy of the master.

PESTH.—The Archbishop of Eszlau has presented to the National Museum his gallery of 200 excellent pictures.

DARMSTADT.—The statue of Duke Louis I. by Schwandthaler, has been erected; it stands on a pillar of 156 Hessian feet in height. The likeness is excellent; the figure is dressed in uniform, with the head uncovered, falling mantle, the left hand resting on a dagger, while the right holds a roll of parchment. A flight of steps leads to the summit of the column, which affords a beautiful view of the city, with the Rhine, Main, Mannheim, Worms, Oppenheim, Mainz, Frankfort, &c. in the distance, a view well rewarding the mounting of 191 steps.

On Monday, the 10th instant, a general assembly of the academicians of the Royal Academy of Arts was held at their apartments in Trafalgar-square, when Charles Landseer, Esq. was duly elected a Royal Academician, in the room of Henry Perrottet Briggs, Esq. deceased.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At the usual weekly meeting of the members of the above institute, held on Monday, Mr. PAPWORTH in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. George Hawkins, containing a description of the King's Scholars Pond Sewer, recently constructed at Pimlico. Mr. Hawkins first alluded to the great proficiency attained by the Romans in the building of sewers, and in the art of drainage, so absolutely necessary to the health and comfort of the population of large towns, which necessity had been fully shewn in the evidence given by Dr. Smith before the Health of Towns Committee. He then said, that among the recent improvements made in the sewerage of the cities of London and Westminster was the construction of the King's Scholars Pond Sewer, the course of which was through some parts of the city of Westminster which were below the level of the Thames. In consequence of this it had been necessary to erect gates at the end of the sewer, which, for a short time before and after high water, were shut, in order to prevent the water from flowing up the sewer, and overflowing those low districts. The sewer had its commencement in a rivulet on Hampstead heath, and was about five miles and three-quarters in length, and the expense of the undertaking had been about 130,000*l*. After the paper had been read, some allusion was made to the total want of sewerage in Paris and Berlin, two cities further advanced in the arts and sciences than any others in Europe. The sewerage of the city of Hamburg was alluded to as being one of the most complete in the world, from being based on a system, which the sewers of England were not. Some routine business having been transacted, the meeting broke up.

THE FINE ARTS.—The number of foreign artists now studying in Rome amounts to 405, 300 of whom are painters, 58 sculptors, 39 architects, and 7 engravers; 158 of those artists are Germans, 25 French, 33 English, 17 Russians, 7 Poles, 13 Swedes and Norwegians, 31 Danes, 19 Belgians, 3 Dutch, 11 Hungarians, 10 Spaniards, 7 Portuguese, and 14 Americans. The Italian artists are 542 in number, besides 2,000 mosaic-work makers.

THE FINE ARTS.—Mr. Jones's admirable bust of King Louis Philippe has elicited from that monarch towards the artist a very flattering and unusual tribute of approbation. On Friday last, Mr. Jones had the honour of receiving from his Excellency the French Ambassador a splendid gold medal, presented to him by his Majesty. Count St. Aulaire, and several members of his family, honoured Mr. Jones by visiting his studio in Cannon-row, on Saturday, to inspect the bust of the French King, and were pleased to express the highest approbation of the work.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

M. Laurent, in addition to his enterprising homage to antiquity rendered in the production of *Antigone*, has made an effort at a restoration of Shakspeare to one of his lawful thrones. This attempt is more to be honoured for its intention than congratulated upon its success. It proved, by analogy, how abortive must have been the labours of the Israelites in making bricks without straw. The last effort in the great cause of dramatic restoration was displayed in placing on the stage the 1st part of *King Henry IV.* in which Mr. Henry Betty sustained the part of *Hotspur*, and Mr. Hackett caoutchouced that of *Sir John Falstaff*. The performance of the first-named gentleman was worthy of a fifteen-year old élève of any Hackney or Enfield academy, whose elocution had been moulded by his master, and whose gestures were studied from the refined models of the Surrey and Astleyan *pulpita*. As not even a house filled (as far as it was filled) by orders could discover any thing to applaud in his performance, we may dismiss it without farther comment. Mr. Hackett, the Kentucky actor, has, we have heard, some peculiar notions as to the character of *Falstaff*, which he has supported by arguments delivered to the world in a pamphlet. As far as we could gather the purport of these notions from his acting, they tend to convict Shakspeare of a gross and wilful act of misrepresentation, in that he has described *Sir John* as not only "witty himself, but the cause of wit in others." We were quite prepared to find an American actor unable to appreciate and embody this difficult part. If individual feeling and habits be formed or influenced by national institutions, the American can have no sympathy with the fat knight of Eastcheap, in whom selfishness and cowardice, which provoke contempt, are counterbalanced in the spectator's mind by the readiness of a wit which elevates its unworthy possessor by the indication of the existence of power which might have been directed with suc-

cess to nobler objects. We say again, that the American, strictly such, must, *à priori*, be considered incapable of a satisfactory assumption of this character; which is in all its features the offspring of a state of luxury, as that of an American Falstaff would be of a state of exigence and labour. Upon these grounds Mr. Hackett's failure might have been prejudged; but his acting did more than establish the justice of the verdict. He filled the part of *Falstaff*, indeed, as a maggot fills a nutshell—at the cost of its interior. He succeeded, not only in playing *Falstaff* without humour, but *M. Mallet* (in the afterpiece) without pathos. In this latter part he chose to dress after Napoleon; between whom and the renowned Tom Thumb he stands as a connecting link—approaching to the former in stature, and to the latter in all other points of dissimilarity. We would advise him to abjure Shakspeare, and stick to the *Nimrod-Wildpin* school; the appreciation of which, no less than the embodying, is a lighter task.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. DAVIDGE, LESSEE OF THE SURREY THEATRE.—On the afternoon of Wednesday the 4th inst. a splendid epergne, weighing 220 ounces, was presented to Mrs. DAVIDGE, by the *corps dramatique* of this theatre, as a testimonial of their esteem. This gratifying proof of regard from those who have the best means of knowing her virtues is creditable alike to the receiver and the givers.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

WE have to thank Westminster VETUS for the following Latin Enigmas, with their translations, which we recommend to the ingenuity of our numerous readers, in the hope they may prove more fortunate in the elucidation thereof than we have been. We candidly confess they have fairly puzzled us.

THE BONONIAN ENIGMA.

ELIA LELIA CRISPIS.

Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna,
Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus,
Nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,
Sed omnia!
Sublata neque fame, neque ferro, neque
Veneno, sed omnibus!
Nec cælo, nec terris, nec aquis,
Sed ubique jacet!

TRANSLATED.

Nor male, nor female, nor hermaphrodite,
Nor virgin, woman young or old,
Nor chaste nor harlot, modest light,
But all of them, you're told—
Not killed by poison, famine, sword,
But each one had its share,
Not in heaven, earth, or water broad
It lies—but everywhere!

ANOTHER.

LUCIUS AGATHO PRISCUS.

Nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius,
Neque moriens, neque gaudens, neque fletus,
Hanc
Neque molem, neque pyramidem, neque sepulcrum,
Sed omnia.
Scit et nescit cui posuerit,
Hoc est sepulcrum certè, cadaver
Non habens, sed cadaver idem,
Est et sepulcrum!

TRANSLATED.

No husband, lover, kinsman, friend,
Rejoicing, sorrowing at life's end,
Knows or knows not, for whom is placed
This—What? This pyramid, so raised and graced,
This grave, this sepulchre? 'Tis neither,
'Tis neither—but 'tis all and each together.
Without a body I aver,
This is in truth a sepulchre;
But notwithstanding, I proclaim
Both corpse and sepulchre the same!

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING STATEMENT.—The following anecdote is given on the authority of "An old sportsman," on whose veracity we can rely:—A gamekeeper to a nobleman in an adjoining county, being shooting upon his employer's estate, on the second of September last, flushed a covey of partridges, a brace of which separated from the others and fled in a direct line

for a large fish-pond, by the side of which was a foot-road leading to the mansion. The keeper having killed a sufficient supply for the larder, was returning, when one of his dogs made a stand by the side of the pool, and on the keeper's approaching, the brace of strayed birds rose, and attempted to cross the pool, but the keeper shot one of them, which was immediately taken, while fluttering on the water, by a large pike. This circumstance did not much surprise him, as he well knew the voracious propensities of the fish. But on the morrow, as he was again passing this large sheet of water, the same dog made what is termed a dead set at the edge of it, and kept looking steadily at a few rushes that grew in the water, about two yards from land. Not seeing any thing in the water, the keeper was surprised at his dog standing, and tried to send him in, but without effect, when presently he saw a large pike, about four inches beneath the surface, which he shot, when the dog dashed in and brought it to land. In returning home the keeper perceived an unusual fullness in the belly of the fish, and, taking it into the kitchen, requested the cook to cut it open, when, to his great surprise, he found the bird of his yesterday's killing, which sufficiently accounted for his dog standing when he got to leeward of the fish, as no doubt he was setting the bird, which he must have scented from the respiration of the fish.—The above is one of the many wonderful circumstances which frequently occur to the observation of sportsmen.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

MISPRINTS.—Misprints often strike what are termed unlucky blows. The omission of a t makes the mortal the moral, and the immortal poet stands praised as the immoral poet. We read a short time ago a lamentation on "the frightful increase of morality in the metropolis;" and once saw the advertisement of a treatise on "the blessed immorality of the soul;" we have met with the glory of a conqueror turned into gory by the dropping of the liquid consonant; our loyalty has been shocked by the announcement of a "most reasonable attempt on the life of a Sovereign;" but, worst of all, we lately saw the Duke of Buckingham described, through the dropping of the dog's letter, as "the Farmer's Fiend."—*Examiner*.

THE TWINS.

Two sweet children, girl and boy,
Shared each others tears and joy;
They were ever side by side,
Like the Graces beautified.
Form without, thought within,
Linked them by the name of twin.
They had lost a mother's kiss,
Which is musical with bliss;
For the lips that smiled and burned
With the children's kiss returned,
Lost to all they took and gave,
Lay and rotted in the grave.
Oh, there are some mothers living
Busy as the angels giving
Showers of joy where'er they tread;
And there are some mothers dead
Who deserved to live for ever.
Death may blush at times to shiver
Mirrors that reflect, indeed,
Love which is a mother's creed!
Oft throughout the summer weather
Would the children range together,
When the sun in kingly power
Made a mint of leaf and flower,
There his yellow coin to cast,
Coin that long hath current passed—
Poets now like bards of old,
Deem it earth's most genuine gold.
They had rambled far one day,
In their hasty-footed way,
And the hours were robbed in shade
Ere they saw their toilet made.
Childhood never was Time's slave,
So upon their mother's grave
Both the pilgrims sat and wept,
And, outworn with weeping, slept.
With a stern eye, flashing fire,
Came the children's tyrant sire;
All unmoved by that dear pair,
While the eve-breath shook their hair,
There the father swore an oath,
And he struck the sleepers both.
"Mother!" shrieked the boy in pain—
But she answered not again.
"Mother, mother!" shrieked the other,
And the echo babbled "mother."
More than Cain that man is cursed
Who believes the nurse and nursed
Can wipe out love's every feature:
Child and mother have one nature,
One warm pulse and heart between them,
So that death can never wean them.
Who would not give lands and gold,
Though their value was untold,
Could he keep alive the breast
That hath warmed his infant rest?
'Tis a cause for watery eyes
When a doating mother dies.

Bridgwater.

E. F. BARRINGTON.

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—Last week Dr. Ryan delivered a lecture on fire, at the Polytechnic Institution, for the purpose of noticing an apparatus recently invented by Mr. Phillips, of Bloomsbury-square, called "The Fire Annihilator." Dr. Ryan commenced by stating that one of the great objects of the Polytechnic Institution was to bring before the public and to illustrate, by experiments and models, the discoveries of scientific men. Before he entered upon the subject of the fire annihilator, he endeavoured to explain the nature of combustion. After describing the Phlogistic theory of the earlier chemists, and the more modern views of Lavoisier and others, the doctor proceeded to prove, by a number of experiments, that combustion, under all circumstances, is the result of chemical action. A considerable portion of the lecture was afterwards devoted to the consideration of supporters and non-supporters of combustion, or to those conditions which are necessary either to maintain or to prevent its action. To illustrate the efficacy of the apparatus, Dr. Ryan kindled a fire in a model iron house; when the flame was at its height he introduced a small apparatus, not holding more than two ounces of the material, and in half a minute, the fire was completely extinguished. The doctor mentioned that Mr. Phillips used coke nitre and sulphate of lime, with a small portion of water. As the apparatus is small, it may be kept charged, and on the alarm of fire it may be carried to any part of the premises, and immediately used. It will no doubt prove of vast utility in ships.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—On the 31st ult. at the annual conversation of the Society of Arts, the apparatus was exhibited, worked by Mr. Cooke and Mr. Rowland, his assistant. In the course of conversation Mr. Cooke stated that the invention, by a slight modification of the symbols, might be adapted to an almost endless variety of uses; that, by means of the galvanic process, conversations might be sustained uninterruptedly between London and Liverpool, that musical compositions might be transmitted with exactitude from one place to another, and that even games of chess might be conducted between players in two distant districts. The words "Liverpool" and "Adelphi" were described by the manipulators on the dial, and telegraphed by means of the wires to an assistant operator at the other end of the room, who immediately announced the import of the communication. In cases where express accounts of public events are required the invention promises to be invaluable, since it is calculated by the patentee that, were a telegraph to be laid down between Liverpool and London, accurate reports of speeches might be transmitted from either place, and be put in type and circulated long before any express train could possibly make its arrival.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF MESMERISM.

THIS Society held its second meeting on Saturday, the 1st instant.

Various communications were read by the Secretary.

H. C. a member of the Society, then submitted to be mesmerized; age 24; temperament lymphatic; complexion fair; eyes prominent. Was first mesmerized about two months since; has been operated upon eight or ten times in all. Intellect good; education the same.

It was determined that a single pass only should be made behind him, and that then the operator should leave him. A pass was made accordingly, and in about a minute he was in the comatose state. Phenomena exhibited were:—catalepsy; his limbs were stiffened and relaxed by the usual means. He displayed one novel feature in that state. His arms, when in their rigid state, began a slow, regular movement, upon the shoulder-joint alone, towards each other, on each effort advancing nearer, and

then retreating, until the hands were brought in contact; then the fingers of either hand were drawn together, and the hands alternately approached and receded; the instant the tops of the fingers met, the arm receded with a kind of spring. This action continued for some time.

The phrenological phenomena were next tested. On applying the finger to the organ of mirth, he laughed aloud; to veneration, and the countenance became very grave. On touching combativeness, he wrung his fist; when the hand was transferred to self-esteem, pride was visibly painted in the face and attitude; but on moving it to affection, the patient grasped the operator's hand, and pressed it to his heart.

To test the effect more accurately, one of the members held a conversation with the patient, while another touched alternately combativeness, veneration, and conscientiousness. The replies varied as rapidly as the touch. He was extremely quarrelsome while the finger was on combativeness, and said he should like to fight the questioner. But no sooner was the finger removed to veneration, than he replied to the same question, "Would you fight me?" "No." "Why not?" "I respect you too much." The finger was shifted to conscientiousness, and the question "why not?" repeated. "Because it would be wrong," was the immediate answer. The experiment was frequently repeated, and invariably with the same results.

The only other experiment minutely tried was a new and extremely interesting one. The patient was made to grasp the arms of two members, in this position his limbs were rendered rigid by the usual passes, and then he was awakened. The result was strange. Although in the full possession of his senses, he had no command over his limbs. He could not move arms or legs. He was evidently amazed at his own position. He described it thus. That he had a will in his mind to move, but that the limb would not obey. By breathing on one leg, it was relieved immediately; the rest of the body still remained rigid. It was now proposed to try the effect of the metals, and the patient was asked to note and inform us of the manner in which they affected him. Touching his hand with gold produced a general shrinking of the frame. He said it was quite involuntary. He felt a quiver creep through all his nerves when the gold touched him. Steel was then applied. It gave him no disagreeable sensation. But it speedily released the arm from its cataleptic condition. One half of the body was now under his control, and he could move it at will; the other still remained rigid as before. The metals were applied to the demesmerized side, and they produced no effect; but when touched with them on the other side, he felt the same peculiar sensations as before. During the whole of these experiments he was perfectly awake and talked and laughed freely with all about him. Finally, the other side of the body was released by breathing upon the limbs and making back passes.

The next meeting of the Society will be held this evening. Arrangements will be made for systematic investigation of each phenomenon separately, as soon as the members, to whom the whole was a novelty, shall have gratified their curiosity. Many applications, both in town and country, have been received from persons desirous of joining the Society. It is hoped that remarkable cases occurring in the provinces will be immediately communicated.

Address to the Secretary, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

EDINBURGH.—The author of a very clever fiction well known in the literary world by the title of *Geraldine of Desmond*, has published in the *Polytechnic Review* some letters on mesmerism, detailing cases which claim to be recorded in our journal. The writer has visited M. BODIN in Paris, and the unimpeached character of that excellent and able man is a guarantee that at least he believes whatever he relates. Here is a curious instance:—

Monsieur Bodin also communicated a still more singular anecdote relating to himself, the truth of which his unquestionable veracity places beyond suspicion. Having been attacked by brain fever, he lay almost at the point of death. Still he had occasionally lucid intervals. In one of those, perceiving his own danger, he insisted on being mesmerized. A practitioner was called in by his medical attendants; but before he arrived, my lamented friend was again in a paroxysm of his frightful malady. This was almost instantly calmed by the passes of animal magnetism, and he soon fell into the mesmeric sleep. While under its influence, he suddenly started upright on his couch of suffering, and imperatively called for pen, ink, and paper, which were immediately procured. To the astonishment of all present, he then, as if under the power of inspiration, rapidly composed and wrote down, though his eyes were sealed in deepest sleep, the exquisite stanzas and music, which, *unaltered*, he afterwards published under the title of *La Langueur*. Monsieur Bodin has often described to me the emotions of profound astonishment with which, on being demesmerized, he contemplated this touching effusion of his genius; for, being perfectly unconscious of all

that had passed during his mesmeric trance, the friends who had witnessed its composition could scarcely persuade him to believe it *his own*, until an examination of his peculiar handwriting confirmed the fact.

His first visit was to Dr. CHAPELAIN'S. He went with strong feelings of hostility, and resolved to detect what he was satisfied was an imposture. This was the result:—

I found the somnambule sitting on a sofa, apparently asleep, Dr. Chapelain put me *en rapport* with her, and after a long, acute category—my answers to which, as proving my scepticism, irritated her exceedingly—she gave a description of the *interior* of my arm, which Dr. Chapelain pronounced to be anatomically correct, though it was asserted, that in her natural state she had not the slightest knowledge of pathology. This, combined with many equally strange circumstances, confirmed my *unbelief*, perceiving which, she suddenly exclaimed—"It is useless, you will not consent to try animal magnetism, which would perfect your cure this day six months—you will be a greater sufferer still—will go for change of climate to the south of Europe, and there" (naming the particular date) "will be ordered a medical treatment, which, if submitted to, will probably cause your death." *All this was verified*—but so profound was my then contempt for her predictions, that it was not until after I declined to follow the prescriptions of the Genoese physicians, being terrified at their severity, that I accidentally remembered the prophecy of the Parisian somnambule.

I must not forget to add, that the Gallic somnambule magnetized my arm, the result of which produced in ten minutes a violent swelling of the fingers, which quite incapacitated me from using or even moving them.

At the moment this occurred, she uttered the most piercing shrieks, large tears forced themselves from beneath her sealed eyelids, she described with perfect accuracy the peculiar pain that I had felt,—but from which I was entirely relieved during her paroxysm,—and asserted that it was transferred to her own arm.

I can positively state that, from that instant, until the one when she was demesmerized, I was entirely free from any sensations even of uneasiness in mine. The moment she awoke, my torture returned in its original force.

Notwithstanding this the writer remained a sceptic until frequent and close investigation of the effects of mesmerism on others convinced him of its truth. We refer our readers to the letters for the writer's powerful pleading in favour of a full and fair inquiry. We prefer, with rare exceptions, to limit this record of the science to facts.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The most gratifying testimonial to the truth and importance of Mesmerism which has yet offered, appears in this most respectable and influential of the magazines, in an article entitled Mesmerism, in the February number. The essay is in the form of a review of the work of the Rev. C. H. TOWNSHEND, A.M.; but the writer, in the course of his comments, makes many admissions which, from such a source, will have great weight in quarters that would be closed against any lesser advocate. From this interesting paper we proceed to make a few extracts.

"Few," says the reviewer, "can read with attention the first half of *Facts in Mesmerism*, by the Rev. CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND, of which a second edition has recently appeared, without being staggered." He deprecates the resort to ridicule on such a subject. He says that it is unfair "when directed against partially developed truths, or even against such phenomena as we believe Mesmerism presents, viz. novel and curious psychological truths." And he adds, "we think we shall be able to succeed in shewing that though there be much error, there is some truth, and truth of sufficient importance to merit a calm and careful investigation."

The reviewer then proceeds to the classification of the phenomena of Mesmerism, as follows:—

- 1st. Sleep, or coma, induced by external agency (partly mental, partly physical).
- 2nd. Somnambulism, or, as called by Mr. Townshend, sleep-waking; i. e. certain faculties rendered torpid while others are sensitive.
- 3rd. Insensibility to pain and other external stimuli.
- 4th. Physical attraction to the mesmeriser, and repulsion from others; community of sensation with the mesmeriser.
- 5th. Clairvoyance, or the power of perception without the use of the usual organs; and second-sight, or the power of prediction respecting the mesmeric state and remedial agencies.
- 6th. Phreno-mesmerism, or the connection between phrenology and Mesmerism.

7th. Curative effects.

The writer then proceeds to state the result of his own experiences. The following was the first case he witnessed, and it is valuable, as being beyond suspicion of imposture or collusion. Moreover, it is the testimony of an unbeliever.

First, then, as to the power of induced coma, we will relate an instance which came under our own observation, and which serves to demonstrate that a power may be exercised by one human being over another which will produce a comatose or cataleptic state. In the Christmas week of the year 1842, we dined at a friend's house with a party of eight (numeric perfection for a dinner-party, according to the ingenious author of the *Original*). In the evening, Mackay's book on popular delusions being on the drawing-room table, some one asked if the author had treated of mesmerism. Upon this, one of the party who had recently returned from London—a man who had led a studious life, and of a highly nervous temperament—said he had recently witnessed a mesmeric exhibition, and would undertake to mesmerise any one present. Upon this, two or three ladies volunteered as patients; and he commenced experimenting upon a lady of some twenty-five years old, whom he had known intimately from childhood, clever, and well read, but rather imaginative. To make the thing more ridiculous, he knelt on both knees, and commenced making passes with both hands slowly before her eyes, telling her, whenever she took her eyes off, to look fixedly at him, and keeping a perfectly grave face when every body around was laughing unreservedly. After this had endured for some three minutes, the lady's eyes gradually closed, she fell forwards, and was only prevented from farther falling by being caught by the mesmeriser. He shook her, and, in rather a rough manner, brought her to her senses; then, suspicious lest she had been purposely deceiving him, questioned her seriously as to whether her sleep were feigned or real. She assured him that it was not simulated, that the sensation was irresistible, different from that of ordinary sleep, and by no means unpleasant; but that the only disagreeable part was the being roused. Upon this, the gentleman declared that he knew nothing of mesmerism, and that, had he believed there was any thing in it, he would not have attempted the joke. Another lady present, married, and having a family, was now most anxious to have the experiment repeated upon her. She said she had before sat to an experienced mesmeriser, who had failed, and she was still incredulous, and believed that M— had merely given way to an imaginative temperament. It required considerable persuasion to induce the gentleman who had before operated to try any more experiments. He protested that he knew nothing about it, that he had once seen a person said to be in the mesmeric state; but that, if he succeeded again in inducing coma, he knew not at all how to awake the patient. Curiously enough, he was instructed in the manipulation by the sceptical patient, who had previously seen public mesmeric exhibitions. After some further persuasion, and with the permission of the lady's husband, who was present, he commenced again the same passes as with the former patient, the only difference being, that he was in this case sitting instead of kneeling. The patient kept constantly bursting into fits of laughter, and as constantly apologising, telling him that his gravity of face was irresistible. Of the other persons present, some laughed, others were too much terrified to laugh, but they kept up a constant running fire of comment, satirical and serious, upon the mesmeriser and mesmerisee. In four or five minutes, the fits of laughter of the latter assumed a rather unnatural character. It was evident she forced herself to laugh in spite of the strongest disinclination, and in a minute or two more she fixed into a state of ghastly catalepsy, the eyes wide open, but the lids fixed, the features all rigid (except the lower lip, which was convulsed), and pale as a corpse. The bystanders, now much frightened, interfered, and laid hold of the mesmeriser. After some time, water being given her to drink, she came to herself, and appeared not to have suffered from the experiment."

He then cites from Mr. TOWNSHEND some singular cases. Here is one of *clairvoyance*:—

Upon first passing into the mesmeric state, Theodore seemed absolutely insensible to every other than the mesmeriser's voice. Some of our party went close to him, and shouted his name; but he gave no tokens of hearing us until Mr. K.—, taking our hands, made us touch those of Theodore and his own at the same time. This he called putting us "*en rapport*," with the patient. After this Theodore seemed to hear our voices equally with that of the mesmeriser, but by no means to pay an equal attention to them.

With regard to the development of vision, the eyes of the patient appeared to be firmly shut during the whole sitting, and yet he gave the following proofs of accurate sight:—

Without being guided by our voices (for in making the experiment, we kept carefully silent), he distinguished between the

different persons present, and the colours of their dresses. He also named with accuracy various objects on the table, such as a miniature picture, a drawing by Mr. K—, &c. &c.

When the mesmeriser left him, and ran quickly amongst the chairs, tables, &c. of the apartment, he followed him, running also, and taking the same turns, without once coming in contact with any thing that stood in his way.

He told the hour accurately by Mr. K—'s watch.

He played several games at dominoes with the different members of our family, as readily as if his eyes had been perfectly open.

On these occasions the lights were placed in front of him, and he arranged his dominoes on the table, with their backs to the candles, in such a manner that, when I placed my head in the same position as his own, I could scarcely, through the shade, distinguish one from the other. Yet he took them up unerringly, never hesitated in his play, generally won the game, and announced the sum of the spots on such of his dominoes as remained over at the end, before his adversaries could count theirs. One of our party, a lady who had been extremely incredulous on the subject of Mesmerism, stooped down, so as to look under his eyelids all the time he played, and declared herself convinced and satisfied that his eyes were perfectly closed. It was not always, however, that Theodore could be prevailed upon to exercise his power of vision. Some words, written by the mesmeriser, of a tolerable size, being shewn to him, he declared, as Mademoiselle M— did on another occasion, that it was too small for him to distinguish.

Towards the conclusion of the sitting, the patient seemed much fatigued, and, going to the sofa, arranged a pillow for himself comfortably under his head; after which he appeared to pass into a state more akin to natural sleep than his late sleep-waking. Mr. K— allowed him to repose in this manner for a short time, and then awoke him by the usual formula. A very few motions of the hand were sufficient to restore him to full consciousness, and to his usual character. The fatigue of which he had so lately complained seemed wholly to have passed away, together with the memory of all that he had been doing for the last hour.

I must now pause to set before my reader my own state of mind respecting the facts I had witnessed. I perceived that important deductions might be drawn from them, and that they bore upon disputed questions of the highest interest to man, connected with the three great mysteries of being—life, death, and immortality. On these grounds I was resolved to enter upon a consistent course of inquiry concerning them; though as yet, while all was new and wonderful to my apprehension, I could scarcely do more than observe and verify phenomena. It was, however, necessary that my views, though for the present bounded, should be distinct. I had already asked respecting mesmeric sleep-waking, "Does it exist?" and to this question the cases which had fallen under my notice, and which were above suspicion, seemed to answer decidedly in the affirmative: but it was essential still further to inquire, "Does it exist so generally as to be pronounced a part—though a rarely developed part—of the human constitution?" In order to determine this, it was requisite to observe how far individuals of different ages, stations, and temperaments were capable of mesmeric sleep-waking. I resolved, therefore, by experiments on as extensive a scale as possible, to ascertain whether the state in question was too commonly exhibited to be exceptional or idiosyncratic. Again, the two cases that I had witnessed coincided in characteristics; but could this coincidence be accidental? It might still be asked, "Were the phenomena displayed uncertain, mutable, such as might never occur again; or were they orderly, invariable, the growth of fixed causes, which, being present, implied their presence also?" In fine, was mesmeric sleep-waking not only a state, but entitled to rank as a distinct state, clearly and permanently characterized, and, as such, set apart from all other abnormal conditions of men? On its pretensions to be so considered, rested, I conceived, its claims to notice and peculiar investigation: to decide this point was, therefore, one of my chief objects; and, respecting it, I was determined to seek that certainty which can only be attained by a careful comparison of facts, occurring under the same circumstances. To sum up my intentions, I desired to shew that man, through external human influence, is capable of a species of sleep-waking different from the common, not only inasmuch as it is otherwise produced, but as it displays quite other characteristics when produced.—(P. 49-52.)

In conclusion, *Blackwood* admits some curious phenomena, but questions others, and thus he sums up:—

On the other hand, the production, by external influence, either of absolute coma or of sleep-waking, whether resulting from imagination in the patient, or from an effort of the will on the part of the mesmeriser, or from both conjointly, has been too lightly estimated and too little examined. This alone is in itself

an effect so novel, so mysterious, and apparently so connected with the mainsprings of sentient existence, as to deserve and demand a rigorous, impartial, and persevering scrutiny.

CASE OF MARTHA —.—The following experiment on a patient in the mesmeric sleep, who till then had been apparently insensible to sound, was performed by myself, and as it is interesting in more points than one, we lay it before our readers:—

Martha —, a young woman about twenty-one years of age, of sanguine temperament, had been repeatedly mesmerised; but though the sleep was perfect, she shewed none of the usual phenomena, save catalepsy, which was very marked and complete. Having seen her mesmerised by a friend, and he remarking upon her insensibility to sound, it occurred to us that by pointing into the cavity of the ears, the auric nerve being in this manner stimulated, it was very probable she would hear. Accordingly, after having first bawled "Martha!" very loudly into her ear, more than once, to set beyond question her deafness, he pointed over the cavity of the ears, called "Martha!" in an ordinary pitch of voice, and immediately she answered. She also replied to subsequent questions we addressed to her. Attempts having been made to excite the phrenological organs, she passed into a sleep so profound as to become insensible to the stimulus applied by pointing into her ears, and again seemed utterly deaf. It now struck us, that if we pointed over the course of the Eustachian tubes, keeping the little finger of each hand firmly pressed against the jaw-bone, she would hear. Prior to trying this, we expressed to our friends a belief that the desired result would follow, and explained to them the rationale on which we founded our opinion. We then placed our fingers as above described, and addressed her in rather a low tone of voice; she immediately answered, and continued to reply to the questions asked of her until we gave over the experiment. Subsequently she shewed polarity, and the usual phenomena which follow the use of metals.—ED. CRITIC.

CASE OF B—, AT L—. (From a correspondent.)—I am happy to see that, after all the obloquy and contumely which have been lavished on the belief and practice of mesmerism, Mesmerists have now a medium through which to commemorate the results of their investigations, and thereby obtain an aggregate of facts, from which it may be fair to hope that a science will be ultimately established.

Allow me, Sir, to congratulate you on the success of your endeavours to rescue mesmerism from almost oblivion, and raise it from a very humiliating position to one of comparative prominence among general readers.

As I am a reader of *THE CRITIC*, I shall be happy occasionally (as time may permit me) to compare notes with your correspondents on this interesting subject. I now send you reminiscences of a case for your journal, if you think it worth notice.

B— is a young man about twenty-six years of age. I have frequently mesmerised him, in a few minutes, without manipulations, by merely directing my fingers to his eyes. In his sleep he was formerly very lucid, and exhibited all the phrenological phenomena. I am surprised, however, to find, by two recent trials, after a lapse of two or three months, that the lucid faculty has nearly deserted him. I can put him to sleep as speedily as before, but it appears to be of a deeper and less pleasant kind; and I have, moreover, great difficulty in awaking him,—at least ten minutes; and there is a disposition, after partial resuscitation, to relapse into sleep, whereas formerly I could awake him instantly. Perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to throw some light on this. I could formerly induce the cataleptic state, and mould his limbs into any posture, but not now. I once awoke him with his leg rigid, and projecting in a horizontal position without support, and then held a conversation with him, without his appearing conscious of the fact. But on my asking him to rise to see what o'clock it was, he suddenly became sensible of the temporary inability, and in rather an alarmed manner, begged of me to give him the use of his leg, which I did immediately, by blowing on it. I was induced to try this experiment to test the fact, as well as to convince, if possible, my patient (who invariably doubted it) that he had been asleep. It will be readily believed he never doubted afterwards. B— always evidenced in his sleep great sympathy with his mesmeriser—shewed community of taste and feeling very truly; he always exhibited great discomfiture on my going away from him, and intense delight on my return. He would try to stand in the same place, and sit on the same chair. On asking him who I was, he invariably answered, "Why me, to be sure;" and on my asking him who he was? he would answer, "Why, you," and then emphatically say, "It's us!" I could mention much more concerning this patient, but it would only be a repetition of what is seen in almost every case; such as singing, speech-making, praying, fighting, &c. &c. under cerebral excitements.

B. J.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE season continues to be dull. But few of the numerous works announced long since have yet made their appearance. All the literary news of the season will be found gathered in the pages of THE CRITIC. A press of matter compels us to omit some comments for booksellers, which are in type.

Such of our readers as have shuddered over Eugène Sue's 'Mysteries of Paris,' or over the still greater horrors of the 'Wandering Jew'—and there are few novel readers who have not been "thrilled" by these works—may be informed that he has already commenced another novel, to be called the 'Seven Cardinal Sins,' which is to appear when the 'Jew' has ceased his wanderings. As M. Sue gets the enormous sum of 4,000*l.* for a novel, and as each novel is sure to produce half a dozen translations, this bit of intelligence may set translators on the *qui vive*.

THE LIBRARY OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—The sale of the fourth portion of the library of the late Duke of Sussex was continued yesterday at Messrs. Evans' sale rooms, Pall-mall. The following lots were worthy of notice:—Lot 1,106, a curious and very extensive collection of Tracts relating to Cardinal Mazarin, sold for 4*l.* 6*s.*; lot 1,141, Homeri Opera Græce, first edition, very rare, printed at Florence in 1488, brought the large sum of 61*l.* The next lot, another copy of the same, sold for 41*l.* 10*s.* Lot 1,380, Manili Astronomicon et Arati Phænomena, &c. first edition, Sir Mark Sykes' copy. At his sale it fetched 12*l.* while yesterday it realised only two guineas. Lot 1,418, Muratori Scriptores Rerum Italicarum, &c. in all 36 vols. was bought by Messrs. Payne and Foss for 28*l.* 10*s.*

No less than five translations of the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' by M. Thiers, are already announced. While anticipation stimulates gossip, we may relate an anecdote of M. Thiers' first literary adventure, by way of varying the subject of so many conversations. M. Thiers had written for the prize proposed by the Academy of Aix, on the subject of Vauvenargues. The prize was about being awarded to him, when the vehemence with which his essay was eulogised by M. d'Artaud, his friend and patron who was in the secret, made his political adversaries suspect that the essay was by M. Thiers. They adroitly managed to defer awarding the prize till the following year, as if the essay only merited the second rank. M. Thiers again wrote. This time he kept his own secret, and made his essay arrive by post from Paris. The cabal instantly pounced upon it: declared it to be every way the production of a superior mind, and awarded it the prize, reserving the second medal for M. Thiers. When the seals were broken—to the confusion of all except M. d'Artaud and M. Thiers—the trick was discovered. The jokes on the subject were, as may be expected, not few.

INTERESTING SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.—Yesterday at one o'clock, a sale by auction of a large collection of autograph letters, and historical documents, the property of a well-known collector, took place at Mr. Fletcher's room, 191, Piccadilly. There were 275 lots, consisting of a complete series of autographs (excepting the autograph of Geo. I.), and including some fine specimens of the kings and queens of Great Britain from Henry VIII. to George IV. various foreign sovereigns, noblemen, statesmen, naval and military commanders, literary characters, poets and dramatists, scientific men, artists, &c. Two letters in the handwriting of Mrs. Jordan sold for 7*s.* Of statesmen, a letter of Charles James Fox sold for 8*s.* and one of George Canning for the same sum. A letter of W. Pitt, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, dated Walmer Castle, May 13, 1803, sold for 15*s.* Lot 100, a letter of the celebrated George Washington, dated Fairfax, county of Virginia, June 24, 1771, brought the large sum of 2*l.* 5*s.* Lot 101, a frank of Lord Byron, 6th of November, 1813, very fine, sold for 1*l.* 2*s.* Lot 109, autograph letter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin to D. Hartley, sold for 1*l.* 13*s.* An autograph letter of Shenstone (W.), the poet, to the Hon. Mrs. Knight, sold for 13*s.* and an unpublished poem of Robert Bloomfield, in his autograph, sold for 1*l.* 1*s.* The autograph of Henry VII. fetched 17*s.*; Henry VIII. 19*s.*; "Marye the Queene," 1*l.* 2*s.*; James I. 1*l.* 1*s.*; Charles Prince of Wales, 13*s.*; a beautiful letter of Charles I. to Viscount Falkland sold for 1*l.* 2*s.*; the autographs of Charles II. brought small sums; James II.'s letter to Dr. Zouch sold for 14*s.*; the autographs of William III. Mary, Anne, George II. George III. and George IV. brought sums of from 5*s.* to 14*s.* each. Lot 154, ten original state letters, addressed to William III. from Christian VIII. King of Denmark, the Emperor Leopold, the Dukes of Saxe Gotha, and various other German potentates, sold for 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Lot 164, autograph letter of the Princess Charlotte, sold for 1*l.* 8*s.* The next lot, "a leaf from the same lamented Princess's copy-book, the text, 'Fame animates,'" sold for 1*l.* 1*s.* Lot 174, a beautiful autograph letter of Margaret of Austria to the Queen

of France, date 1610, sold for 2*l.* 2*s.* Lot 224, Casti Novella Galanti, an unpublished translation of five tales into English verse, by Lord Byron, partly in the autograph of Percy Bysshe Shelley, by whom it has been prepared for publication, sold for six guineas. The next lot consisted of a folio manuscript of 358 pages, every page containing an autograph of Sir Walter Scott; this sold for the small sum of 2*l.* 10*s.* whilst, earlier in the sale, one autograph of the same individual brought 8*s.* The sale excited considerable interest, the principal purchasers being Messrs. Thorpe, Simpson, Upcott, Boone, Rutherford, &c.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

From Jan. 27 to Feb. 12.

NEW BOOKS.

Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent; or, Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property. By WILLIAM CARLETON. In 3 vols. Confessions of the Ideal and other Poems. By THOMAS POWELL. Addresses of B. D'Israeli, Lord John Manners, &c. at Birmingham and Manchester. An Imitative Version of Sophocles' Tragedy of Antigone. By W. BARTHOLOMEW.

True at Last. A Tragedy, in five Acts. Elementa Liturgica, or the Churchman's Primer. By G. A. WALKER, A.M.

The Curiosities of Heraldry. By M. A. LOWER. Homonyma Linguae Latine. By T. S. CARR.

The History and Geography of Greece. By T. S. CARR. Look to the End; or the Bennetts Abroad. By Mrs. ELLIS. In 2 vols. The Tragedies of Sophocles, with Notes. By T. MITCHELL, A.M. 2 vols.

The Ayrshire Wreath for 1845. Present State and Prospects of the Port Philip District of New South Wales. By CHARLES GRIFFITH, A.M.

Lyric Ballads, chiefly from English History. By S. M. Waldgrave, or the Fortunes of Bertram. In 3 vols. Metropolitan Buildings Act. By A. BARTHOLOMEW.

The Trapper's Bride: a Tale of the Rocky Mountains. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

NEW EDITIONS.

Dr. Lingard's History of England. Vol. IX. Practical Observations on the Efficacy of Medicated Inhalations in the Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption. By A. B. MADDOCK, M.D.

PAMPHLETS.

The Age we Live in. By L. MARIOTTI. Statistical Summary of the States of Europe. By G. C. PEMBERTON.

SERIALS.

Fanny, the Little Milliner. No. III. The O'Donoghue. By HARRY LOBBEQUER. Nos. I and II. The Church and the People. No. II. By HENRY HORNEWARD. Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith. Parts I. II. III.

PERIODICALS.

The Novel Times. Part II. Dublin University Magazine for February. Polytechnic Review and Magazine for February. The True Philosopher. Nos. I. and 2. Parker's London Magazine for February. Chambers' Miscellany of Entertaining Tracts. Vol. I. George Cruikshank's Table-Book for February. Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for February. Ainsworth's Magazine for February. The Edinburgh Tales. Conducted by Mrs. JOHNSTONE. Part I. for January. Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for February. The Sporting Magazine for February.

MUSIC.

If thou hast loved as I have loved. Ballad, by G. J. O. ALLMAN. I think of thee. Serenade, by G. J. O. ALLMAN. A Song for Christmas, with Chorus. By G. J. O. ALLMAN.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices. Barnewall and Cresswell, Q.B. Reports, Vols. VII. VIII. IX. and X.; or either of them. Barnewall and Adolphus, Q. B. Reports, five volumes.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

[The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is 5*s.* each.]

DEATHS.

BOWYER, Mary, the wife of Mr. Thomas Bowyer, publisher, 137, Strand, on the 5th inst. at Pentonville. Josi, Henry, esq. of the British Museum, on the 7th inst. at his house, 17, Upper Wharton-street, aged 43. TILKE, Jane, the daughter of Samuel Westcott Tilke, esq. of Thayer-street, Manchester-square, on the 23rd ult. of consumption, aged 24.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot undertake to return manuscripts. Correspondents should keep copies.

A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the numbers of the current volume of THE CRITIC may be had at the office or by order of any bookseller, price 4*s.*

Communications have been received from various quarters. All are under consideration.